

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada East & Newfoundland

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

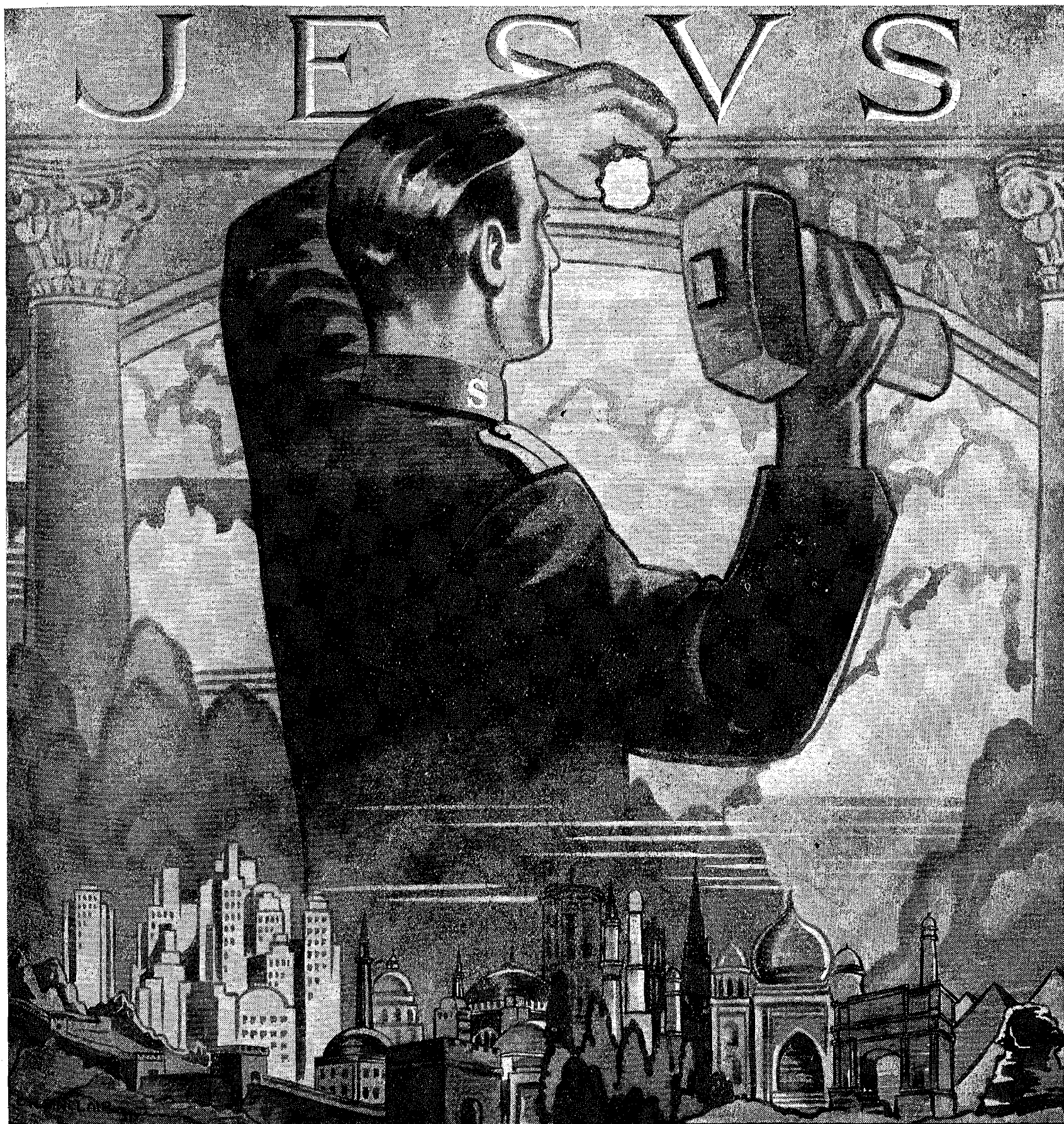
Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

Edward J. Higgins
General

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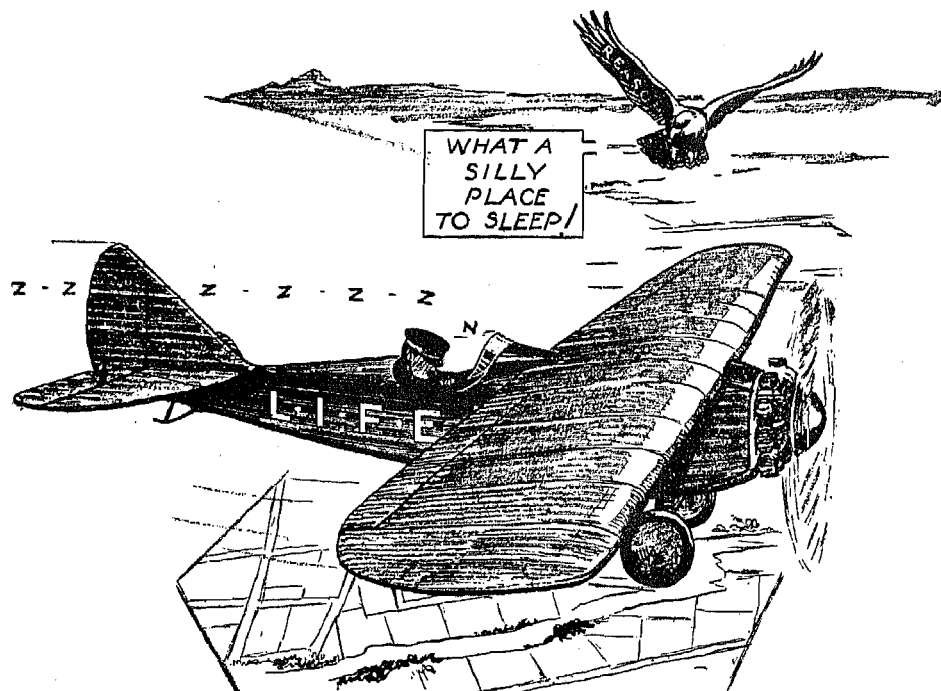
TORONTO 2, JULY 11, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner



*We raise a temple of enduring worth.
Heaven's kingdom come to rule o'er all the earth.*

HAS THIS A MESSAGE FOR YOU?



ARE YOU IN DIFFICULTY?

Another "War Cry" Reader Presents Her Spiritual Problem

IS YOUR mind distressed by perplexities, or your soul troubled with doubt? Perhaps you have come to a cross-road in life, a place of vital and far-reaching decision, and you know not which way to turn? It is often the case that another, at such a time, can get a clearer grasp of the situation by virtue of his detachment. Write to us, confidentially, about these matters, and we will do our best to help you.

No names will be published with those answers that may appear from time to time in "The War Cry." Address all communications to The Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

L. O. E. writes: I am anxious to be saved and have assurance of it. I have confessed my sins and asked for pardon, but so far I can feel no change whatsoever. My sister had such a wonderful conversion . . . Do you see Jesus when you pray, or just believe? I know so little about these things. Will you please try to make it plain?

My dear comrade, you are evidently finding difficulty in the matter of the assurance of your Salvation. Is there not the possibility that you are depending too largely upon feelings? You have been anticipating a great surge of spiritual emotion to sweep over your soul as the witness to Salvation, and the absence of such a reaction has provoked doubts within your mind as to the actuality of God's regenerative work in your heart.

We realize that in a great many cases conversion is accompanied by what we may term a strong emotional reaction; but this is not so in all instances; nor is it essential. Thousands of sainted Christians have had to accept the fact of Salvation purely in faith!

Of course one must be absolutely certain that God's plan of Salvation has been complied with fully, before expecting to receive any witness. Repentance toward God, which implies that the sinner who has hitherto clung to evil, "changes his mind" and, by the help of God, really determines to do the opposite, is positively necessary. Then faith must be exercised. "By grace are ye saved, through faith." Saving faith is an act of personal heart-trust, by which the sinner commits himself to God and accepts the Salvation which God freely offers him. Then redemption is gained, for the promises of God are sure! "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." And again, "If we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sin, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

God cannot fail. If you have met His requirements, then Salvation is yours, feelings or no feelings! Do not doubt Him. He might be testing you. Hold on in faith. You believe that He will continue to supply your physical needs from day to day. Then why not believe Him for this spiritual blessing?

You ask whether we actually see Jesus when we pray. We do not see Him with the physical eye—but He can be discerned with the spiritual sense. When the life is hid away with Christ in God, faith discerns Jesus in all things. Prayer is communion with Him, communion which can be as real as our conversation with earthly friends.

We pray that God may bless you, and guide you into the light. Trust and obey Him, then all will be well.

IF SO, share it with your comrade "War Cry" readers. Pen your reflections regarding the cartoon in as concise a manner as possible, and send them to "The Editor, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont." Perhaps the lesson this sketch teaches you will prove of inspiration to someone else.

A FEW QUESTIONS

On the Matter of Attending Meetings

What will be the most natural thing in the world for those to do who have accepted Jesus Christ as their sacrifice? (Psa. 50:5.)

Will social standing deter true believers from attending The Army? (Prov. 22:2.)

How large a crowd must we have in a meeting in order to receive a blessing? (Mt. 18:20.)

Even if no sermon were preached, what great reason have we for attending The Army? (Eph. 5:19.)

What should always be the atmosphere of a service? (Jn. 4:23-24.)

What reputation should The Army have in the community? (Mk. 11:17.)

What is the program of the Church? (Lk. 19:10; Acts 20:28; Eph. 4:11-12.)

THE MORNING PRAYER OF A GREAT MAN

WE REMEMBER John Calvin to-day, not particularly for stout espousal of a certain creed, but because he was the founder of a new Church policy which did more than all other influences together to consolidate the scattered forces of the Reformation. He was born on July 10th, 1509, and died in Geneva, Switzerland, on May 27th, 1564. He entered training for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but became enamored of the "new learning," and developed into one of the foremost Reformers of the age. He lived in Geneva for many years, ordering her affairs, according to his standards.

His energy and industry were enormous; he preached almost daily, delivered theological lectures three times a week, and was the soul of all church councils. Protestantism can never forget the debt she owes John Calvin. We quote herewith one of his morning prayers:

My God, my Father, my Preserver, who of Thy goodness has watched over me during the past night and brought me to this day, grant also that I may spend it wholly in Thy worship and service. Let me not think or do or say a single thing which tends not to Thy service and submission to Thy will, that thus all my actions may aim at Thy glory and the Salvation of my brethren, while they are taught by my example to serve Thee. And as Thou art giving light to this world for the purposes of external life by the rays of the sun, so enlighten my mind by the effulgence of Thy Spirit, that I may be guided in the way of righteousness. To whatever purpose I apply may the end which I ever propose to myself be Thy honor and service. May I expect all happiness from Thy grace and goodness only.

Grant also that while I labor for the maintenance of this life and care for the things which pertain to food and raiment, I may raise my mind above them to the blessed and heavenly life which Thou hast promised to Thy children. Be pleased also in manifesting Thyself to me as the protector of my soul as well as my body, to strengthen and fortify me

DAILY MEDITATIONS

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: Neh. 12:37-47

A thought for the day:
The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Let us sing Song No. 392.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: Neh. 13:1-9

A thought for the day:
We live in deeds, not years; in
thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the
dial.

Let us sing Song No. 429.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: Neh. 13:10-19

A thought for the day:
And oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by
the excuse.

—Shakespeare.

Let us sing Song No. 528.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: Neh. 13:20-31

A thought for the day:
Work is a sacred thing . . . Work
is the great reality, beauty is the
great aim. Full satisfaction is only
to be found in the common beauty
of the common things of the common
life.—W. A. Lethaby.

Let us sing Song No. 534.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: Jude 1:1-9

A thought for the day:
Ill habit gathers by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to
seas.

Let us sing Song No. 574.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: Jude 1:10-16

A thought for the day:
The best way of avenging thyself
is not to become like the wrong-
doer.—Marcus Aurelius.

Let us sing Song No. 199.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: Jude 1:17-25

A thought for the day:
God alone beholds the end of what is
sown;

Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him.

—Whittier.

Let us sing Song No. 365.

Our Staccato Serial

THE STORY OF NAAMAN

Told in Picture and Text



No. 12—FALSEHOOD

AND when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go and they departed.

But he went in and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" And he said, "Thy servant went no whither."

(To be continued)

**DO YOU WANT TO BE
SAVED?**

Read "Are You in Diffi-
culty," on this page.

OUR SHORT SERIAL

A Marco Polo of Salvationism

START TO READ HERE:

Wesley Hraniuc, a young Roumanian immigrant, is left stranded in Montreal, where he obtains his first job, at \$2.00 a month. An enterprising young fellow, he is not content until he has thoroughly mastered the English language and obtained a fair education. He eventually gets lucrative work—but does not find satisfaction, until he is converted in a Salvation Army meeting. He becomes an Army Officer, and after opening one Corps in Western Canada, is despatched to Southern Saskatchewan as a Salvationist outrider.

An eight months' furlough was granted to the Ensign, during which time he took a trip to his Homeland. Limited finance imposed strictest economy on his expenditure. He worked his way across the Atlantic on a cattle boat, and earned enough money in England to pay for his Journey through Europe.

At Epotesti, his native Roumanian village, Ensign Hraniuc learned of the conversion of over one hundred villagers, as a result of the reading of a Bible which, years before, he had sent to his father. The first convert was his uncle, who endured much persecution, but persevered in his belief until the Bible-faith was spread far and wide. All the while the village priest looked on the new movement with high disfavor.

CHAPTER V

The Warning

ENSIGN HRANIUC was in Epotesti but a short time when he started Salvation meetings. Never before had the villagers seen the like. They crowded to the services, and drank in the Gospel messages with great eagerness. Hraniuc revelled in the fight; he realized that the Lord had answered prayer, and felt humbled at the thought that he had been chosen to preach the Word in his own homeland.

One by one the villagers accepted Jesus Christ. The company of believers grew, until there were two hundred of them in the place. But one man looked upon the new movement with hatred. He had seen his early attempts to persecute the Bible-reading uncle fail of their purpose; and now every week tidings of fresh defections from the Greek Church reached his ears. Something would have to be done. He would have to intervene, if the rest of the villagers were to be saved from the heretic's snare.

So the priest sent a messenger to Hraniuc, bidding him appear before him, in his residence. It was not without considerable misgiving that the young Salvationist complied with the summons. He was fully aware of the authority of the priest. Not even the magistrate exerted more influence! It was no laughing matter to be at variance with such a powerful individual. But as the Ensign

walked through the high doorway, and entered the large, dark house, a new strength, borne of perfect trust, infused him with power, and his fear was banished.

"Tell me, you Retichit (heretic), how did you come to err from the faith?" cried the priest, without awaiting an introduction. The uniform was evidently introduction enough. As he spoke he scrutinized the young man keenly.

"I was Retichit at one time," Hraniuc coolly replied, "but God has saved me. Now I am Retichit no longer."

He told the priest of his Canadian experiences, of his association with The Army, and his conversion. "And now," he declared triumphantly, at the conclusion of the narrative, "I am going about doing good for Jesus' sake."

"But you are not filled with the Spirit of Christ," the priest contemptuously interjected. "You are possessed by the spirit of the devil."

Hraniuc began to feel greater confidence.

"This is a strange thing that you say," he exclaimed. "It reminds me that men in a position similar to yours said words very much the same of Jesus, that He was possessed of a devil!"

The accuser adopted a new line of attack. In the Greek Orthodox Church it is the custom to offer adoration to sacred pictures, called ikonies.

"Why don't you worship the ikonie?" he cried, hoping to involve the young man in a theological dispute.

"It is written that we are not to worship any image or any likeness of anything in Heaven, or on the earth, or under the earth," replied the Ensign. "Therefore I am not going to say my prayers before the pictures of the Saints!"

"You have thrown off the forms of the Church?"

"I have—and at the same time, God has clothed me with the garment of Salvation."

For a moment Hraniuc thought he detected a subtle softening in the old priest's attitude.

"I want to do you a favor," he said, actually smiling. "My boy, I want you to leave this town immediately."

His eyes hardened again, and flashed pitilessly as he went on.

"I have prepared a man who will slay you if you do not leave this very night! You will die like a dog on

the street, and none will have mercy on you."

There was a tense silence, after the priest had finished speaking. Hraniuc could feel his heart thumping furiously. As the full purport of the ultimatum was realized, a terrible sense of immediate danger swept over him.

Then a Voice spoke to him. He could not tell from whence it came. It was simply there. "Fear not," it said, "for I will be with thee, even unto death."

In the twinkling of an eye anxiety fled from his soul. Why should he be afraid? Was he not the child of a King. "Who putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe," the Psalmist had declared. He lifted his head and faced the priest, who had witnessed the struggle as a vulture watches his prey.

"Mr. Priest," he cried—he would not call him "father," as the rest of the villagers did—"Mr. Priest, I am prepared to stay—and die! You may



go ahead with your work. But let me remind you: For all this that you say and do, you will have to give an account on the Day of Judgment. Remember—it was the High Priest who was behind the scheme to get Christ crucified!"

Whereupon the dauntless Salvationist turned on his heel, and left the room, calling over his shoulder as he passed out, "Mr. Priest, I shall pray for you."

One wonders what thoughts surged through the mind of that priest as he heard those words fall from the mouth of the hated Retichit!

(To be continued)

IN A CHINESE GARDEN

Being Glimpses Into the Activities of The Army's Home for Girls in the Land of the Dragon

A MISSIONARY OFFICER writes from China:

"I want to take you to a beautiful garden, where flowers of human life bloom. A few years ago some of these blossoms were cast away as not wanted, but after being transplanted into the good soil of Christian love and influence, they are now giving forth sweetness."

"We have some fifty-six of these transplanted flowerets in our garden, and at the Sanatorium at Chentingfu another fourteen. In all, seventy girls in The Army's care, and each child has her own story of sorrow."

"About twelve years ago there were great floods in North China, followed by famine. Because of their dire poverty, parents were faced with the cruel alternative of either parting with their little daughters or seeing them die before their eyes. Evil men were seeking opportunity to purchase them, but instead they were brought into our garden, where the cultivation of virtue is of main importance."

"Now, concerning that little child playing over there! She seems rather dull, but hear her story and it

is surprising the measure of brightness she shows. When but a tiny child, her father beat her mother into imbecility and the poor child into unconsciousness."

"Then there is that bright maiden standing near the flowers. When but a tiny babe she was cast out upon a rubbish heap. A missionary passing by heard a feeble cry, and saw a tiny foot protruding from the heap. She rescued the baby and cared for it until she heard of our Home. Now that unwanted child is one of the bonniest and most promising in the Home."

"The name of our garden is 'P'ei Chen Yuan,' and this means, 'The garden where virtue is cultivated.' One of these virtues is industry. The little ones are taught to use their time to advantage. Half the day they study in school, the other half is occupied with needlework. The sale of this needlework helps to support the Home. The children are also taught the importance of keeping their Home neat and clean, and they take turns in helping to prepare their food."

"They are also taught how to cultivate the virtues of truth, unselfishness, gentleness, goodness, faith, joy."

"Many have intelligently sought the help of that Spirit whose fruit these beautiful virtues are. Quite a number are Corps Cadets. It is rarely that any of these Chinese maidens lose marks in connection with the Corps Cadet lessons. Nine of the older girls have passed into the Higher Grade, and some of these are looking forward to the time when they will be able to go forth from the shelter of our garden into the waste places of the world as Salvation Army Officers, and seek to nurture other fading blossoms for the delight of the Lord of the Garden."

"Catch! then, Oh, catch the transient hour;

Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—

He dies; alas! how soon he dies!"

—Dr. Johnson.

We must practise decisions to avoid the vice of irresolution.—Black.



No. III—THE TWICE BORN

IT IS THE hot season just now. The Territorial Young People's Secretary has been on tour. He had been away from home for a week and was hot and weary when he arrived at the village station from which he was to commence his return journey. Seeing a small place where drinks were sold, he approached and asked the vendor if he had soda-water for sale. "Yes," he replied, "but don't you touch my stall." "Why, are you a Hindu?" he was asked. "Yes; if you want a drink get to the other side of that fence." The T.Y.P.S. thanked him, but declined the allotted position.

By and by the train came in. Seeing a likely compartment the Salvationist opened the door to enter, but was at

Indian Glimpses

By Brigadier H. Pimm Smith,
Bombay

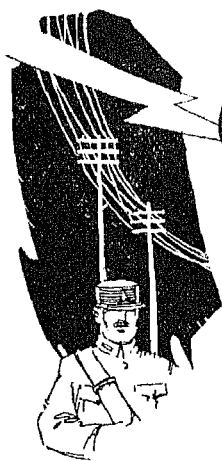
once met with angry protests from within: "We are Brahmins. You can't come in here." However, ignoring the angry protests, he got in.

"Don't you know," said one, "that we are Brahmins, and that you must not touch us?" One who knew a little English, strengthened the argument of his friends by saying: "I am good splendid; keep away."

The Brahmins claim to be "twice-born," so the Territorial Young People's Secretary said, "I also am a 'twice-born.' I have been born of my mother and born again of the Spirit of God." So the potential squabble became a testimony meeting, with one of the Brahmins reverently stroking the feet of the Salvationist.

TRAVELLING CROSSES

Seven days' march on the outward journey, one day's march home, three days on a country boat, a twenty-four hours' wait at a railway station, four hours' delay on a river through fog, and an arrival home twenty-nine hours later than was expected, were some of the incidents of a journey recently made by Lieut.-Colonel Mackenzie, Officer Commanding Eastern India, during a visit to the Lusha Hills. He found much to compensate him, including a march of 200 uniformed Salvationists who met him two miles outside Aijal, and meetings more crowded than ever before. Five hundred attended a great Open-air meeting conducted by the Colonel with these warriors.



SUMMER
BATTLES
ARE
BEING
WAGED
IN
MANY
CORPS

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BAND

Specials Over Week-End

LINDSAY (Ensign and Mrs. Bond)—The Peterboro Young People's Band, under the leadership of Band-leader Halcrow, visited Lindsay for Sunday. In spite of the rainy day the crowds were large. In the morning Band - Sergeant Yergensen brought the message. The service in the afternoon was held in the park, and the people listened from their cars, and also took shelter under the trees. The Salvation meeting, at night, was led by Assistant Young People's Sergeant-Major Boorman, who accompanied the Band. Corps Cadet Muriel Boorman also assisted during the day. The Band-lads, in their red guernseys and Army caps looked quite soldier-like. They impressed the people with their music and singing, and many of them gave clear ringing testimonies. The Soldiers and friends very generously looked after their welfare during the day in Lindsay.

The after - church service was started, for the season, on Sunday, June 21st, in the Memorial Park, and a large crowd attended.

Lieut.-Colonel Southall (R), Brigadier Ritchie, and Adjutant McBain journeyed from Toronto to conduct a recent Sunday service to which the members of the local Sons of England Lodge came in a body, to worship with The Salvation Army. Brigadier Ritchie extended a hearty welcome to these men, and also led a very interesting meeting. Adjutant McBain spoke, and Colonel Southall gave a very helpful address. The Salvation Army Band paraded the men both to, and from the Hall. Brother H. Stubbings, on their behalf, conveyed to the Colonel and Brigadier Ritchie, thanks for the service.

A new venture for Lindsay Corps is lawn meetings during the warm weather. The first was held at the home of Sister Mrs. Tompkins. The Band was out in full and the attendance was very encouraging. The singing was hearty, testimonies, prayer, and the playing of the Band were most encouraging.

HOME LEAGUE JOTTINGS

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Whatley conducted the Spiritual meeting at the Byng Avenue Home League on a recent Wednesday. A very enjoyable time was spent. Quite a number of members were present, and at the conclusion of the meeting refreshments were served.

We held our last gathering of the season on Wednesday last. Tea was served to the visitors and members. We said farewell to the Corps Officers, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Poulton.

Tribute was paid to the Home League Secretary, Sister Mrs. McLean, for her splendid work in connection with the League.—E.M.

TOWN BIDS FAREWELL

NEW LISKEARD (Captain and Mrs. Lindores)—The farewell services of Captain and Mrs. Underhill were held on Sunday. A splendid crowd packed the Citadel to the doors. Two of the Churches shortened their services to enable their audiences to come to the farewell. One backslider surrendered to God.

ELEVEN FIND SALVATION FROM SIN

One Man Follows Band from Open-Air to Hall and is Saved

HAMILTON IV (Ensign and Mrs. Jolly)—On a recent Sunday various Locals took part in the meetings. Open-air were well attended. In the Holiness meeting Envoy H. Welborne read the Scripture and delivered an address. One person sought Sanctification.

In the Salvation meeting Band-

master Kershaw took the Bible lesson. A man, who had followed from the Open-air was the first to volunteer to the Mercy-seat. Eleven in all decided for Christ.

The following week-end Brigadier Bloss had charge of the meetings. At night one Recruit was enrolled under the Colors.—Ear.

NOCTURNAL PROCESSION

WYCHWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Hiltz)—We have said farewell to Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey. On Sunday morning the dedication of the children of Brother and Sister Steigels was performed by Captain Pilfrey. Adjutant and Mrs. Fox, from Atlanta, who are furloughing in Toronto, gave glowing testimonies.

The evening service was in charge of Corps Sergeant-Major V. Ottoway. Representative speakers of each branch of the Corps were called upon to speak, thanking the farewelling Officers for their interest in the Corps. Then the Officers spoke of the co-operation and fellowship that they had enjoyed while stationed at Wychwood.

One young woman accepted the invitation to seek Christ and before the meeting closed was able to witness to the fact that God had saved her.

After the "wind-up" the Band and comrades marched the Officers back to the Quarters. To see The Army, about eighty strong, marching along at eleven o'clock at night created quite a stir on Bathurst Street!—G.R.

WEDDING CHIMES

A large crowd gathered at The Army Hall, in Galt, on Saturday afternoon, June 6th, to witness the marriage of Brother W. Allen and Sister Mary Dimmock.

After the opening song, prayer was offered by the Corps Officer, Adjutant Kimmins. Then the ceremony was performed by Adjutant Cranwell.

The bridesmaid was Cadet W. Bentley of the Training Garrison, whilst Bandsman J. Haskell supported the groom.

Both attendants and Adjutant Kimmins spoke of their happy associations with the bridal pair. After the service at the Hall a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

The Galt Corps wishes our comrades many happy years in the service of God.—D.D.

FAREWELL OF OFFICERS

GUELPH (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—The meetings on Sunday were largely attended. There were twenty-four adult seekers on Sunday making a total of thirty-six for the week, which included twelve in the Soldiers' meeting.

On Tuesday a farewell for Adjutant Bird and Ensign Hart was provided by the sisters of the Corps, at which about two hundred comrades and friends were present. Sergeant-Major Ede and other leading Locals spoke in eulogistic terms of the splendid work of the farewelling Officers.

Before the meeting closed a very impressive ceremony was performed when several comrades were enrolled under The Army Flag. — James Ryder.

BIBLE CLASS APPRECIATED

SARNIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)—Sarnia Corps was greatly blessed throughout the week-end meetings conducted by Brigadier Byers, of Toronto. Splendid crowds attended both Open-air and indoor meetings. The wholehearted way in which the Brigadier sought to bless was greatly appreciated. The meetings were full of red-spirited strength.

On Monday afternoon the Brigadier conducted an adult Bible class which was fully appreciated by those present. At night a special program was given by the Band and comrades of the Corps. During the evening the Brigadier gave some very interesting object lessons. Ensign and Mrs. Youngmen and comrades, from Port Huron, united with us. Two seekers sought Salvation.

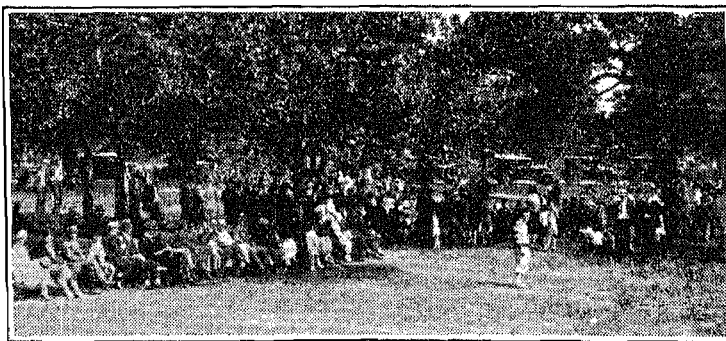
BACK TO GOD

PARLIAMENT STREET (Adjutant Tucker, Captain Furlonger, Lieutenant Topolie) — The meetings over the week-end took the form of welcome services to the Captain and Lieutenant. Seven Open-air were held.

At the night service two backsliders, young men, came back to God. We praise Him for this encouraging victory.—E.F.

REACHING THE OPEN-AIR CROWDS

PICTURES OF THE ARMY IN ACTION ARE WANTED



"THE WAR CRY" invites comrades possessing a camera to forward for reproduction in these pages snapshots of Army activity in their locality. We are especially anxious to obtain pictures of Summer Open-air activity in the streets, parks, and pleasure resorts where The Army is carrying the Salvation message to the people in the great outdoors. Acknowledgment of the sender will be made in the case of each picture used. Let the world know what your Corps is doing.

REACHING PARK CROWDS

People Throng Late Open-Air

RIVERDALE (Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey, Lieutenant Wood) — After two very successful years our Officers farewelled last Sunday. Mrs. Adjutant Falle is going to be greatly missed by the Home League and in other departments of the Corps, whilst the Adjutant's leadership has been highly inspiring. The Band will miss him and his encouraging talks.

On Sunday night Major Cameron spoke very highly of our Officers. Other speakers added their words of tribute.

A service was held in Riverdale Park on Sunday evening following the indoor service, and at the close the Band marched to the Officers' Quarters.—D.McL.

COMMISSIONINGS

ESSEX (Ensign and Mrs. Dickinson)—On Friday night Major and Mrs. Ham were with us. It was their farewell meeting. One Corps Cadet was accepted and three young Bandsmen were commissioned. Adjutant Stevenson was also present.—C.C. H.G.

MAN FOLLOWED ARMY FROM CHINATOWN

The Toronto Temple Corps Cadets are wide-awake. On a recent Saturday night they were responsible for the meeting, under the leadership of Corps Cadet Guardian F. Cocking. At the close of a very interesting service one man was converted.

For the past three or four Sunday nights they have been holding their own Open-air. Besides giving the Young People an opportunity to develop, many people have been blessed.

Last Sunday the Open-air was held in "Chinatown," under the direction of Candidate V. Sharpe. Although some of those who listen may not understand our language very well, we believe they have been helped. One man followed the march back to the Temple and got saved in the inside meeting.—M.T.

TWO FIND SALVATION

ST. STEPHEN (Commandant and Mrs. Sanford)—On Sunday, in the Salvation meeting, two sought Salvation.

Various comrades spoke in the farewell meeting of our Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens. Commandant and Mrs. Sanford have been given a cordial reception.—T.D.

MAYOR TO PRISONER

FREDERICTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens) — Commandant and Mrs. Graves have farewelled. During their stay everyone from the Mayor down to the prisoner in the cell, learned to respect them. Their work in the Corps, both Senior and amongst the Life-Saving Scouts, Guards and Sunbeams gave the Commandant and Mrs. Graves a farewell supper on Wednesday. The farewelling Officers expressed their appreciation.

A THRIVING BAND

SCARLET PLAINS (Captain and Mrs. Purdy)—On a recent Sunday the services were conducted by Lieutenant Pilfrey and four men Cadets.

On Monday the Band and Band League members held their supper and on Tuesday the Band gave a festival. This was their first, and was very creditable indeed.

On Sunday last Captains Royale and Nesbitt farewelled. These two Officers have certainly been a great help to us. Captain Royale commenced and trained our thriving little Band.—J.H.

"AND NOW HE'S BACK AGAIN"

Another in the Series of Verbal and Pictorial Snapshots of Departmental Heads

"WAR CRY" readers will appreciate our haste to introduce to them the man who is the new "Chief" of that department in which they are all so vitally interested—the Trade! Major Fred Beer was simply immersed in matters of pressing moment when the "Cry" arrived to pay its official respects. Perhaps amongst those matters was your order for the new



Major Fred Beer

Song Book—who knows? At any rate, with characteristic magnanimity, he brushed aside the flood of orders and samples for the nonce, dismissed his aide-de-camp, and gave "The Cry" the field.

We learnt many things in the next few moments—and not least interesting was that this is not Major Beer's first contact with things Trade! We have become so accustomed to associating him with the lines of bewildering digits in the Finance Office that this came somewhat as a surprise.

"In 1895"—here was a mental stretch for us at the outset—"I started in with the Trade Department in London, England," this son of Devon divulged. "It was on Clerkenwell Road in those days. I belonged to the order department."

The simple statement that he was "transferred to another position" was his modest way of explaining the promotion that soon came. With an alert eye to the future, he commenced night studies in a special class in accountancy, conducted at

(Continued on page 12)

THE WINNING OF A SOUL

A Dialogue at the Close of a Salvation Meeting That Ended in a Momentous Decision

THEY sat on the bench behind me and talked. The conversation was audible, for it was the meeting after the meeting, when somebody was praying for forgiveness at the Penitent-form. Various persons in uniform of jersey and bonnet were speaking to other persons in ordinary garb about life, souls, death, and eternity, and the rest of the congregation was proceeding unhindered with prayers, hymns, and testimonies of experience in calm, ordered unity.

The Salvation Army has an axiom that "personal dealing," conversation directed to the individual's view, condition, and need of Salvation for his or her soul through the merits and power of Jesus Christ, must be part of its every public meeting.

There was no confusion, but whispered conversation could be clear to one in the immediate vicinity.

Pointed Questions

"It's such a narrow life," said a voice.

"Why?" asked another, "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, everything. You say all that makes pleasure and fun must stop."

"That depends on what you think pleasure and fun. If you get saved your sight will change. Now you just see with the eyes of your senses. Then you will see with the eyes of soul and mind. Where is your pleasure if you are ill, injured, in great trouble, or have to die? The theatre, novels, dances, dress, flirting, and so on, don't lead anywhere except to dissatisfaction. Are you never disappointed with your present life?"

"Often," said the first voice, readily. "When I am miserable I often drop into an Army Hall."

"Why?"

"You are so cheerful, and it does me good."

"But how can we be cheerful if we have no pleasures?"

"That's just what puzzles me."

True Happiness

"I'll tell you. We don't seek worldly things. This world as it is is full of the results of sin. Sin can cover over its ugliness with an appearance of beauty, but close underneath are pain and trouble and death. At first in everybody's life the world offers pleasure—nearly always as the reward of doing wrong. The more anybody tries to serve and grasp the pleasures of the world the more disillusioned he becomes. The young sinner is a pitiful sight, but the one grown old in the service of self and the world is terrible. The worldling who seems happiest is not happy—does not know true happiness or contentment."

"That's nonsense. I have been very happy at times."

"With no regrets?"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't say that! But I couldn't be happy in an Army bonnet and a shapeless dress of that everlasting blue serge."

"You are not asked to wear them. The uniform cannot give happiness. If you were to try to wear it without wanting to do so it would make you wretched. What I want to speak to you about, what The Army is concerned about, is your soul."

"And what are you doing with your life? Why do you suppose you were sent into the world? To just get through the days and years till your death with as little bother and as much amusement as possible? What are you living for every day? Money? It can't buy love, health, true friends, or happiness. Ambition? Whatever ambition you have in the world it will not satisfy you. Amusement? If you spend all your time seeking distraction you will end by being feeble-minded. Do you know why God gave you life?"

"I don't know."

"The Bible says to serve Him and give Him honor and glory."

"Yes. But it does all sound so stuffy and dull."

Full of Delusions

"Yes. As fresh air makes the sick shiver and pure water is a horrible drink to the gluttonous and drunken. You think you are happy and healthy, finely dressed and sound-minded, and cannot see in reality you are sad and diseased, ragged and full of delusions. Your body and senses are 'you' to you. Your soul is a poor, starved, shrivelled thing, shut away by you from God, who alone is its life, and health, and Salvation."

"You are very hard and rather impatient."

"Oh," said the second voice, sorrowfully, "it is the hardness and rudeness of the rescuer who would pull the blind or careless from danger and death!"

Then the second voice asked: "What will you do?"

"I think I won't decide to-night, thank you."

"Oh, do! It will be the right decision to-night. You will never be sorry for doing so. It will save you so much sorrow; give you so much joy. Indeed, though at the moment the devil blinds you to the truth, 'there is pleasure in God's service more than all.' I have found it so."

An Overflowing Cup

"I want to ask you what you were before you went into The Salvation Army. You are a lady. What is your name?"

There was a pause, then a little laugh. "I hope I am a lady still. My name is—." (It is borne by one of the famous families of America.)

"Ah! I thought so. You belong to the Blanks. Well, are you happy in that bonnet?"

"Very, thank you. My life for many years as an Officer in The Army has held more happiness than once I thought possible."

"Now, what pay does an Officer get?"

"I get—." (A few dollars weekly was named.)

"Why, it's ridiculous!"

"To be happy on so little?"

"What do you do?"

"Work for God. Go anywhere we are sent. Do what we are told. Arrange all the items of our lives to do God's work in the best way. When you are converted, and God calls you to Army Officership, you will learn to be an atom among the atoms of the poorest. All that is weak, oppressed, sinful, sick, friendless, destitute, will belong to you. You will live in slums or working people's streets in the same way and you will be their servant in their every need. You will not go to theatre or dance, dinner or entertainment; each day will be full of work, and you will be the happiest of the happy, your heart a spring of gladness; you will love your bonnet and blue serge, and love the dirty, degraded or weary toilers for whom you live; yes, love them with a love second only to your love for Jesus Christ!"

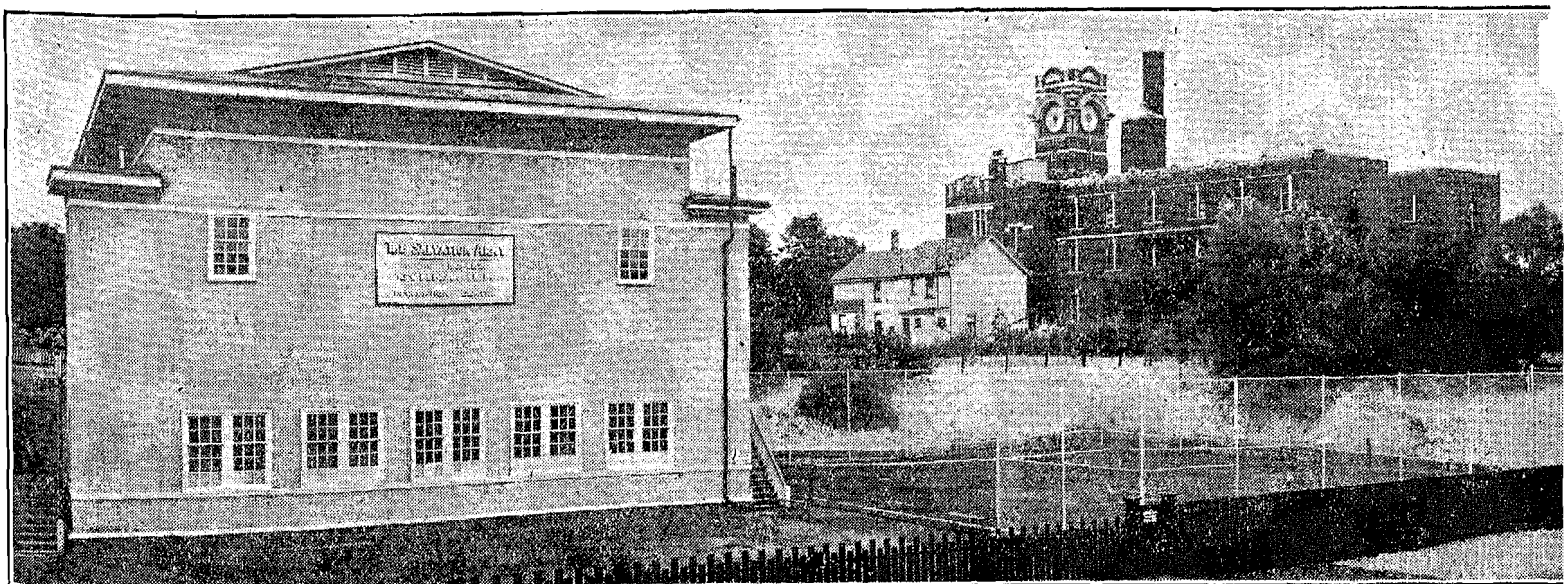
There was the sound of a sob as the first voice said: "Oh, don't say more!"

Just Think

"No, I will not. Just sit and think of your life as it will be when you yield to God—of its peace and growth, how all the gifts and talents you do not use now will spring up and be increased, how you will be blessed and bless others, and that a never-ending future of bliss stretches before you. Death has no sting, Our Lord bought more for us when He conquered sin and death than deep peace in our earthly lives, lovely as that is. There is a life of the soul which grows and strengthens, glorifying life here, but blooming always towards the life to come..."

A longer pause. There was a stirring in the seat behind me, a rustle of a woman's dress. I bowed my head as two figures passed down the uncarpeted aisle to the Penitent-form.

Twenty-four members of the League of Mercy, throughout the Territory, have received Certificates of Life Membership in the League. This honor is only conferred upon those who have devoted twenty more years to League activity. "The War Cry" heartily congratulates the recipients.



The newly-opened Recreation Centre for Young People in Davisville, Toronto, showing the gymnasium and croquet and lawn tennis grounds. T. Garrison is seen over to the right of the picture

MISSIONARY NURSE IN TRAVANCORE

PENS A MOVING RECORD TELLING OF LEPERS WHO TEACH THE WORLD A LESSON

NOT long since, during my special training, I spent a day among the lepers, and it was a day of revelations. I was impressed by the work being done among these people, both medically and spiritually. It was all very wonderful.

During the day I noticed a collection being taken. I asked what it was for, and how it came about that these desperate folk could be giving. The fact then came to light that, at their own request, these outcast guests of The Salvation Army had arranged to make a weekly contribution toward the support of a blind woman, not a leper! It would be difficult to discover better evidence of the work being done in their hearts; difficult, too, to furnish better evidence of their attitude toward the rest of the world. Personally, I should not have been surprised to find them tending toward self-centredness. Instead they gave — and gave generously.

Another form of gratitude was shown by a medical man—a qualified doctor—who has contracted the dread disease.

He said to me: "I came here a

hopeless case, but by the grace of God I have been aided in body and soul, and I want to show my gratitude by serving Him." He was oc-

cheerfully doing his best to alleviate the sufferings of his patient, and remarked quietly, "I pray to God that my services may be accepted."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST IN INDIA

DURING a time of pestilence, in a certain district in India, a member of the Legislative Assembly met a Methodist minister and told him that he had seen the Spirit of Christ in operation that day. "I met a Salvation Army missionary," he said, "coming from a plague-stricken area. I advanced to salute her and offered her my hand, but she firmly refused, saying, 'I am sorry. I cannot shake hands with you. I have been attending plague victims, and have not yet disinfected my hands.' That is the work and spirit of Christ," the legislative member concluded, "and I have seen Him to-day."

cupied in dressing the wounds of the lepers. Moreover, he was testing various specifics and injections on himself in the hope of finding a cure for leprosy.

At that particular moment he was attending a dreadful case about whom it would be impossible for me to write. To the eyes, even of a trained nurse, it was terrible to look upon such a patient. But he was

If only there were as much gratitude and devotion in the great world outside! Yes, and if there were only as much true joy.

For joy abounds among the people, and I shall never forget the happiness I found in working for and with them. They have lost everything. To outward appearances they have little for which to live. In many instances death would be a welcome release. And yet I found they said little about their sickness. Their conversation was all of the peace they have found through sins forgiven, and as I looked into their eager eyes and listened, I could not help feeling that they were numbered among those who possessing nothing, yet possess all things, for Christ is theirs.

A "CONQUERING HERO"

Commissioner Yamamuro Returns to the Scene of His Boyhood

Commissioner Yamamuro has just completed a tour in the Divisions west of Tokyo.

At Kure, where a public meeting was held, a wonderful spirit was manifest. The theatre was packed with 1,300 people, at 10 sen. admission. There were thirty-five seekers. At Okayama, despite pouring rain, 900 people assembled in the City Hall, and fifteen found Christ. The Commissioner also visited Ashimori, where he was brought up between the ages of 9 to 15 in a pawnbroker's store.

The townmaster came to Okayama to convey the Commissioner by motor car. The whole place was in gala dress for the visit. There are only 500 houses in the place, but 500 young folks attended the afternoon meeting, and 800 adults at night, with forty-seven seekers. The seekers reported, during the tour numbered 288.

Three Families Influenced by a Scrap of Paper

A Japanese emigrant to South America some months ago took a position as chimney sweep. Whilst occupied in his work one day, he found a stray piece of paper bearing printing in his own language. He began to read, and his interest grew. He was not satisfied until he had spoken of his discovery to other Japanese in the city.

Their reading of this page and discussion of its contents confirmed the finder's belief in its being of more than ordinary interest and value, and steps were taken to trace the title, writer, and publisher.

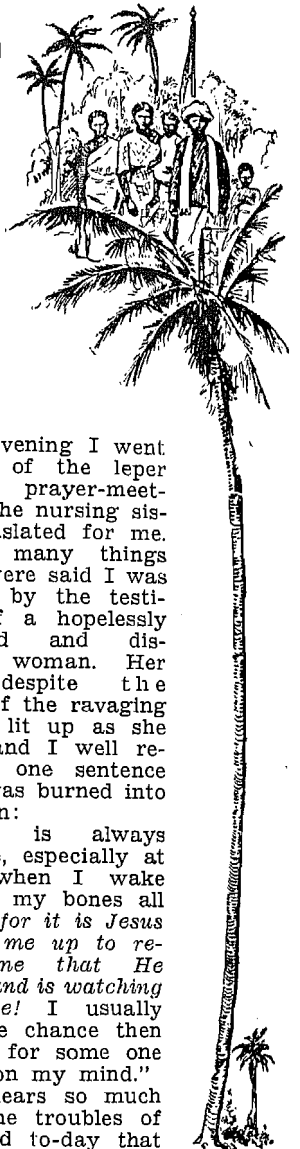
They discovered that the page was from a book entitled "The Common People's Gospel," written by Commissioner Yamamuro. Orders were sent to Japan for a supply, and copies of the 300th edition were forwarded in response.

As a result of what he read the sweep became a converted man. His family were quickly influenced, and

all sought the Saviour. When word was last sent of this incident, the remaining members of the third family to be influenced by this "scrap of paper" had just decided for Christ. Three families led to Christ by a "scrap of paper," from a book first published thirty years ago and now in its 300th edition! Bread upon the waters indeed!—J.L.

TWO RENOVATIONS

Recently the comrades at Salt River, South Africa, were much encouraged by a splendid case of conversion. While the Corps Officer was renovating the platform a man came to the Hall and expressed a desire to seek Salvation. He was taken to the Officers' Quarters and after a heart to heart talk knelt down and claimed forgiveness. He is now a changed man; he regularly attends the meetings and gives a good testimony.



One evening I went to one of the leper women's prayer-meetings. The nursing sister translated for me. Among many things which were said I was amazed by the testimony of a hopelessly deformed and disfigured woman. Her face, despite the marks of the ravaging disease, lit up as she spoke, and I well remember one sentence which was burned into my brain:

"Jesus is always near me, especially at nights when I wake up with my bones all aching, for it is Jesus waking me up to remind me that He knows, and is watching over me! I usually seize the chance then to pray for some one who is on my mind."

One hears so much about the troubles of the world to-day that to meet these people, with their quiet confidence in God and their faith in man, is an inspiration. World depression? They could complain enough, were they so disposed. Any one who has seen how lepers suffer knows how true this is. But the hard fact remains, that not only are they some of the happiest people living, but they stand in their poverty and terrible loneliness as a shining light to the rest of humanity.

They are wonderful. The Army Officers who live with them are Soldiers indeed. And, above all, the people are learning the way of Salvation. That is what matters most.

FIREWORK DISPLAY

Marks Territorial Commander's Visit

The Territorial Commander's visit to the Mid-Shansi Region, says "The Crusader," was at the Chinese festival season and every place visited was astir. Certainly his arrival at Pei Ke Chen was out of the ordinary. He was greeted by the Corps comrades just outside the city wall. These comrades displayed their enthusiasm by letting off fireworks, and as the party was escorted through the town the younger members of the crowd announced to the populace that The Army leader had arrived by running ahead and "firing off" cannon.

IN OLD DORDRECHT New Property Secured

A spacious property, hitherto used as an Orphanage, excellently situated in the old City of Dordrecht, in the south of Holland, was recently secured on lease from the Municipality, and is now undergoing the necessary renovations and alterations to make the premises fit for use as a Corps Hall, to seat 380 people, as well as arranging for side rooms, Officers' Quarters, Industrial Home for Men, and Night Shelter. There are in all 131 rooms on the premises, some very large, others smaller. This property will take the place of our present Hall and Social Institution, which have long been inadequate for our purposes.

A SALVATION FORTRESS

Some News from Gibraltar Naval and Military Home, Where a Splendid Work is Going on

GIBRALTAR, smallest of the British Crown Colonies, "beautiful for situation," is the scene of a valuable soul-saving work carried on at the Naval and Military Home, over which Commandant Ward presides.

The Home in Governor Street, which is used freely by the men of both services, was recently redecorated internally. The men of the fleet, during the spring cruise, have appreciated the improved facilities and comfort it now offers.

During the first three months of this year 13,000 eggs, 3½ tons of potatoes, 353 lbs. steak, and \$125 worth of bread, as well as fish and bacon were used for teas and suppers only.

As Leaguers know, the cooking and serving of food by no means represents all the work carried on by Commandant and Mrs. Ward.

Ships of the fleet are visited. The Commandant recently called on Leaguers on H.M. Warships "Tiger," "Repulse," "Warspite," "Mayala," "Centaur," "Anthony," "Watchman," "Eagle," "Courageous," "Glorious," "Poseidon," "Shamrock," and others.

Although the meetings at the Home are necessarily small, they lack nothing in the way of deep devotion or lively enthusiasm, and sometimes the Officer in charge of the "Church party" will express his great interest in the service and the testimonies of the men.

Salvationists who are stationed on The Rock value the Home, and in the League meetings it is no uncommon sight to see one or more seekers at the Mercy-seat in the little meeting-room, pleading for more power to live and keep good amidst difficult surroundings.

During recent months men from the Swedish, American, and Argentine navies have been to the Home.

The Home is isolated from the Army, and never has "Specials," but it represents The Army worthily. There is the little "Band" — piano, violin, cornet and concertina. Then the gramophone brings the International Staff, Chalk Farm, and S.P. & S. Bands, and Colonel Pugmire's singing to the meeting-room or restaurant. Many men have ceased talking, and some have stopped eating, to listen to "I have pleasure in His service," and "I'll follow Thee of life the giver."

Salvationist Servicemen are not the only people to benefit by the existence of the Home.

Recently two men were brought up

OUR WOMEN'S REALM

A GREATHEART OF GUELPH

Army Woman Warrior Whose Influence is Felt

"WHAT about a photograph, Mrs. Knighton?" The question was asked by a "War Cry" representative, during a week-end at Guelph, when he billeted with this warrior splendid. "Oh, no; I haven't one to spare." "Then

we shall look round the house and help ourselves to any we see," was our reply. She laughed merrily, but raised no objection.

But to our dismay, when later we went to the place where we had previously spotted a studio portrait, we found it had been removed. And all further efforts to coax a photograph from her have failed!

Anyway, we discovered, by discreet questioning during the day, that our Sister has been a Salvationist for forty-seven years, having been saved in Stockport in the Old Land. You can tell she is a Lancashire woman by her tongue—and by her open-hearted hospitality. She has vivid recollections of The

Army Mother visiting her home Corps, and retains fragrant memories of the blessings received in her meetings.

Her husband is the Fire Chief in Guelph, and a splendid Salvationist into the bargain. He also has a magnificent record of service, having occupied many positions as a Local Officer, including that of Sergeant-Major.

They have a Salvation family, all their children having been dedicated in The Army.

Sister Mrs. Knighton is a typical Army "mother"—a real "mother in Israel," as all who know her testify. At present she occupies the positions of Life-Saving Guard Chaplain and Cradle Roll Sergeant. There are fifty-four names on the Cradle Roll at present, and our zealous veteran Sister not only visits the homes of these little ones and talks with their mothers, but she links the children on to the Primary Class which she leads, and thus they eventually become regular attendants at the Young People's meetings. And who knows what the outcome of this most effective work will be?

A Salvationist to the core, this warrior splendid is keenly interested in all that pertains to the progress of the Corps work, and is ever willing to lend a hand in every useful enterprise.

May God continue to bless our comrade and her husband, the Fire Chief, and may their influence long be felt in the Royal City.

YORKVILLE HOME LEAGUE

The members of the Yorkville Home League were greatly helped and blessed by the words of Mrs. Field-Major McCrea (R), who led the Spiritual meeting on Thursday last.

The Secretary, Mrs. Adjutant Poldon, are doing their utmost to make the Home League a real success.

THESE are RHUBARB DAYS

When apples begin to taste flat and need salt to bring out the flavor, rhubarb seems to come as a life-saver and inspiration to the housekeeper who feels the need of her family for fresh acid food. We may not all be able to secure the late winter forced rhubarb, but with the first hint of spring and the smallest encouragement of a box or barrel to shelter it from the frost at night our old roots have been pushing up delicate full-flavored stalks, and from then until the small fruits will not fail us.

* * *

When you feel the appetites of the family are lagging, a rhubarb omelet may be the appetizing bit to bring them back. Add to five well-beaten eggs a heaping tablespoon of sugar, a few gratings of nutmeg and the grated rind of a lemon. When this has cooked in an omelet pan until set, add three tablespoons of chopped rhubarb which has been well covered with sugar and steamed until tender, one tablespoon of maple syrup and a tablespoon of whipped cream, if you have it. Roll, turn on a heated dish and serve hot.

BOYS

BOYS are often difficult to comprehend, and men, strange as it may seem, do not understand them much better than women do. At a certain stage many boys seem to do things just to impress the world with their importance as boys.

They and young cockerels act in somewhat the same manner. When the latter grow to be little fellows the size of your fist or less, they take a notion to fight. One day you will find the majority of them sparring with each other, holding on to combs, tongues, wings or anything they can get hold of. This fighting stage lasts for some days, then they quiet down and live peacefully together. They have settled affairs according to their satisfaction.

So with boys. I have one just now who seems to be in rebellion with all his little world. I have to remind myself that it is just a stage, that it will pass and that most of it is on the surface. He won't for the world intentionally exhibit any tender emotion, yet when he is unconscious of observation, there are delightful moments in which such feelings are quite evident.

The other Sunday morning I was upstairs when I heard him with the accordian. It hadn't been long in the house but he seems to be able naturally to play any familiar tune. I was amazed to hear him play over a great many of the fine hymns we sing every Sunday evening. I just sat and listened and it rejoiced my heart.

If I had gone downstairs and said something nice about his playing he would have put away the instrument, doubtless, and set to work tormenting his little sister or provoking his older brothers, just to prove that he had no interest in playing or singing. Boys are such strange beings! So I just stayed where I was and felt glad to know that he had such a store of music in his mind associated with beautiful words, for I well knew that they would stay with him all through life.—Mary E. Thompson.

HINTS FOR TINY SALADS

Very often company comes unexpectedly and you want a salad that may be prepared almost instantaneously. Here are several:

One half orange cut in pieces, one half sliced banana, one slice diced pineapple, and one tablespoon of broken walnut meats, mixed well together and placed on a bed of lettuce will make a very pleasing salad.

Thin slices of orange added to watermelon balls and cantaloupe balls may be served with a French dressing.

A very unusual salad may be made by dipping orange slices in slightly warmed honey which has been placed in a flat bowl or saucer, then dipping both sides of slices in cocoanut. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with dots of candy or maraschino cherry pieces.

BRAINSTORMS OR TANTRUMS WISE HANDLING A NECESSITY

THE child who is the victim of temper fits is often more to be pitied than censured. The mental and nervous condition which must exist to produce a brainstorm is surely as injurious to the child as the behavior itself is wearing on the mother. A child in a genuine tantrum is really "not at home." He is temporarily "out of his head," so to speak.

What little point of view he may have is distorted and warped and not at all his normal attitude. How useless then, to try to reason with him. How foolish and even risky to use corporal punishment since violence, bringing its natural reaction, is likely to excite him still further. Some children, however, "put on" tantrums merely to get attention. Before attempting a cure, be sure that you do your utmost to understand the cause.

Almost always the first thing to do is to take the child off by himself. The half-felt presence of curious or amused witnesses is likely to add fuel to the angry conflagration or undesirable satisfaction. The next thing is to divert the attention by surprise—shock of some kind (not painful or injurious)—and use the ensuing momentary lull as a wedge to gain access to the normal self. This refers, of course, to young children and is a suggestion as to breaking the bad brainstorm habit. Brainstorms undoubtedly do become a habit after awhile, though the victim may be thrown into them involuntarily at first, due to hereditary conditions. Tantrums soon become the usual thing, often indulged purposely to obtain a desired result.

Possibly the child needs punishment but it is seldom wise to make mention of this at the time of the brainstorm, if it is a genuine one, and the child is nervous, sensitive and not too well nourished, as is often the case. Let the punishment come later, if necessary, in the form of a deprivation of some kind—not, however, supper—perhaps some coveted possession or privilege.

The immediate need is diversion. One which is often successful is cold water, soothingly applied to wrists, temples and face. Another is Eau de Cologne similarly used. Speak in a quiet reassuring tone, but do not pity the child. Be unconcerned

and casual in any remarks you make.

After the storm has subsided and the sun is out, then is the time to talk about the problem, to implant constructive and helpful ideas, such as counting to ten when angry, saying a verse of some amusing formula, or presenting any scheme to help tide the child over the dangerous nerve reaction and thus start a beneficial habit. Any angry child is a sick child and must be so treated. He needs kind, firm and wise handling, if he is ever to recover from attacks of brainstorm and become a well-balanced adult.

EMPEROR HOANG-TI'S FAMOUS WIFE

THE CULTIVATION OF THE SILKWORM INDUSTRY

THE discoverer of the cocoon was a native of China. As usual, a woman was at the beginning of the whole silk business. We find that a little matter of 4,531 years ago, Siling, the wife of the Emperor Hoang-ti, one of the three most famous women of Chinese history, began cultivating the white mulberry in her Chinese garden, so that the little pinhead-sized grub of the Bombyx Mori, or whatever she called the silkworm in those far-off misty days, might eat and eat of its succulency and wax fatter and fatter, and bigger and bigger, until, like the little boy of the nursery rhyme, it burst its outer coat of skin and hatched itself a spinner of silk with which to adorn the enterprising and beauty-loving empress.

She it was who cultivated the mulberry trees and encouraged all the people, both high and low, to do likewise. She studied the little spinner, learned how to rear it and to unwind

its silk! Then she invented the loom and encouraged the weaving of the wonderful fabrics which found their way, for fabulous sums, into the palaces of India and Persia, and far-distant Greece, where they were considered priceless treasures.

For centuries the cultivation of the silkworm was a royal industry, empresses tending the precious grub and developing the cult in all its branches until what was once an empress's pastime became an imperial art of an imperial people.

Not only every Chinese empress and all the ladies of the nobility, but even the peasant women of scattered countryside have practised regularly the art of sericulture, which for centuries was known only to China. The secret was guarded until the transferred allegiance of a Chinese princess caused her to smuggle the silkworm eggs, the worms, and mulberry seeds to the home of her new lord, an Indian prince.

If some one has been talking about you and you feel like "getting your own back," take the advice of a song often sung in the West Indies, and say:

"You may talk about me as much as you please,
I'll talk about you upon my knees!"

WAR CRY

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

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addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTION—

To be Adjutant:

Ensign Pearl Greatrix

APPOINTMENTS—

Staff-Captain Nellie Richards, to Finance
Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Adjutant Florence McGillivray, to Fi-
nance Department, Territorial Head-
quarters.

Adjutant Grace Cooper, to Toronto West
Divisional Headquarters.

Adjutant Mary Bishop, to the Men's
Social Department, Territorial Head-
quarters.

Ensign Lorraine Johnson, to Toronto
East Divisional Headquarters.

Ensign Christian Chapman, to Ottawa
Divisional Headquarters.

Ensign Florence Cooper, to Grace Hos-
pital, Halifax.

Captain Tessie Garnett, to London Di-
visional Headquarters.

Captain Catherine Turner, to Field
Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Captain Eileen Squarebriggs, to Printing
Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Captain Olive Ritchie, to Editorial De-
partment, Territorial Headquarters.

Captain Eva Robinson, to Post Office,
Territorial Headquarters.

Lieutenant Gladys Gaylard, to Trade
Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Earle, to Hal-
fax I.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne, to Ham-
ilton I.

Commandant and Mrs. Davis, to Truro,
N.S.

Commandant and Mrs. Laing, to Guelph.
Commandant and Mrs. F. Johnstone, to
Niagara Falls I.

Commandant and Mrs. Speller, to Mon-
treal I.

Commandant and Mrs. Graves, to Camp-
bellton, N.B.

Commandant and Mrs. Sanford, to St.
Stephen.

Commandant and Mrs. Barclay, to Dan-
forth.

Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey, to
Toronto I.

Adjutant Ellen Bird, to Brantford.

Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman, to Hamil-
ton II.

Adjutant Ivy Hickling, to Stratford.

Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton, to Wood-
stock.

Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson, to Notre
Dame West.

Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe, to Brace-
bridge.

Adjutant and Mrs. Rix, to Sault Ste.
Marie I.

Adjutant and Mrs. I. Jones, to Timmins.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kirbyson, to North
Bay.

Adjutant and Mrs. Waters, to Ottawa II.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson, to Ottawa III.

Adjutant Doris Lightowler, to Renfrew.

Adjutant Eleanor Webster, to Pembroke.

Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens, to Freder-
icton.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins, to Char-
lottetown.

Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings, to Rose-
mount.

Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt, to Moncton.

Adjutant and Mrs. Martin, to St. John I.

Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell, to Sydney.

Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson, to Cobourg.

Adjutant Mrs. Kettle, to Oshawa.

Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton, to New
Glasgow.

Adjutant and Mrs. Falle, to Peterboro.

Adjutant Elizabeth Clague, to Rowntree.

Adjutant Margaret McLeap, to West
Toronto.

Adjutant Alice Hayward, to West To-
ronto (Assistant).

Adjutant Margaret Johnson, to East
Windsor.

Adjutant Florence Thornton, to East
Windsor (Assistant).

Adjutant Jessie Danby, to Picton.

Ensign and Mrs. Pentney, to Stellarton.

Ensign Margaret Beaumont, to Trenton,
N.S.

Ensign and Mrs. Barfoot, to Barrie.

Ensign Ethel Hart, to Brantford (Asis-
tant).

Ensign and Mrs. Jolly, to Hamilton IV.

Ensign and Mrs. Knaap, to Hamilton V.

Ensign and Mrs. Capson, to Welland.

Ensign Laura Collins, to Waterloo.

Ensign and Mrs. Ellis, to London I.

Ensign and Mrs. Everitt, to London II.

Ensign and Mrs. Cornthwaite, to Lon-
don III.

Ensign Elizabeth Burns, to London IV.

Ensign and Mrs. McMillan, to Owen
Sound.

Ensign Laura Richardson, to Stratford
(Assistant).

Ensign and Mrs. John Wood, to Galt.

Ensign and Mrs. Calvert, to Belleville.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

The Editor Speaks

A Call to Consider an Interesting Topic, and an Opportunity
to Render Profitable Service.

ONE of the fascinating aspects
of the preparation of a news-
paper is the sense of public
service which animates the
Editorial Staff. The compelling idea
is that the boys, the gang, the team,
or what you will, supporting the con-
trolling authority, are just giving,
giving, giving every time and all the
time.

Yet, while that is so regarding the
majority of their activities, there
comes an interval in the which the
presiding genius calls a halt of his
own creative convolutions, arrests
the cranial processes of his subor-
dinates, and says—"What about it?
Where are we? Are we about what
we think we are? Do we arrive?"

More often than not the team
stares uncomprehendingly. They
would go forward. Why call the
halt? The paper has to come out to-
morrow. Who knows, if they do not,
what is what?

Just the same, that smiling chief-
tain of the ink-spilling clan has his
way and the whole crew rests on its
oars, if we may use that figure, for
a moment.

"Let us consider the reader," says
he. "What has he to say about it
all?" And that's that.

Can we not take a leaf or a
lesson from that Editor's note-book?
We will try.

All the year around we have fol-
lowed the course of events, the
changes and the campaignings, the
seasons and the efforts, with faithful
desire to depict what's what. Have
we satisfied you, good reader of
"The War Cry?" Do we give you
the type of reading matter you
could wish? Do we present the
affairs of The Army in a way that
interests and influences you, carry-
ing your judgment? It is our wish to
do so; we look for your opinion on
the matter. Will you write The
Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert
Street, Toronto, Ont., indicating your
view? Thanks!

Following that invitation allow us
to point out that we have a second
door of opportunity to open to you.
When you have taken the pains to
recognize the kind of story, article
or what-not, that you would like to
see in "The War Cry," why not try

your hand at writing something oc-
curring to you as being worthy of a
place in our historic record? If you
should not feel equal to treating the
subject as well as you would wish,
send us the facts, as clearly ex-
pressed, as you know how, and we
will prepare them in press formation.
This holds good with regard to re-
ports of Army activities, stories of
Salvation endeavor, thoughts upon
spiritual topics, or any matter con-
sidered suitable for "War Cry"
presentation.

Look at the very many cameras,
of all sizes, possessed by Salvation-
ists and friends! Think of the very
many occasions upon which the shut-
ter could and does click upon Army
doings, whether on the part of in-
dividuals or companies. Why not put
two and two together and send us
the total—the prints which result?
Summer time is here, and with it
exceptional opportunity. May we
hope? Thanks, one and all!

Ere we conclude, one thought
more: How far may we claim that
"War Cry" readers spread our sphere
of influence by talking of the paper
to their friends? You will discuss the
tit bit which appeals to you in your
morning newspaper, and such discus-
sion constitutes a good advertise-
ment for the journal in question. We
would wish to be as proud of our
readers as we want to make our
readers proud of us. May we re-
ciprocate? We would "tell the world"
of your Corps, your experiences, your
thoughts, your pictures. Give us a
chance—in every way, and may we
be mutually blessed.—THE EDITOR.

ARMY LEPER COLONY

Visited by Governor-General

Prior to his departure for Holland,
on the conclusion of his term of office,
His Excellency Jhr. A. D. C. de
Graeff, the Governor-General of the
Dutch East Indies, paid an official
visit to The Army's Leper Colony at
Pelantoengan, where he was warmly
welcomed by the Territorial Com-
mander and the General Secretary.

His Excellency was accompanied
by his daughter, his personal staff
and by the Governor of the Province,
the Resident, and others.

My Father,

By GENERAL

This article is but a fragment, but it ap-
pears well Booth's well-known literary skill and his
er's character.

Sixty-six years ago—on July 5th, 1865,
laid on the dreary stretch of human need, at
the East end of London, for a million souls a
square mile of the spot chosen for that poor

IT IS, I THINK, Harriet
Martineau who says of one
of her acquaintances—
"Whenever I saw him I
thought of what the first man
must have been—God's ideal
man."

I have often so thought of
my father. He was every inch
a man—tall, erect, and before
the snows of winter had
touched him, his step was like
a footfall of power; he had
beautiful hands; eyes that
kindled and made one feel
that they saw at every turn; a
mouth playful as a little
child's; an "eminent" nose; a
head that mounted up; and a
whole expression of vivacity
and vigor which was at the
same time commanding and
yet enticing with the charm
of truest sympathy.

For his great power lay in
his sympathy. His heart was a
bottomless well of compassion.
He knew no man and no nation
after the flesh, and yet he had
brothers in all the families of
the earth who demanded his
sympathy and help.

He, probably, was more widely at-
tended than any other
man of his time, and he was probab-
ly also more widely loved.

The little dying child, who in the
East End slum, put her fingers to-
gether, and in the very darkness of
death said: "O God, bless the doctor
General for sending The Army to our
slum," only voiced the feeling toward



The Canada East Training Garrison Staff and Cadets of the 1930-31 Faith Session, Commissioned
now fighting valiantly for God in their new appointments

e Founder

ALL BOOTH

resents, with the late General Bram-
e outstanding features of the Found-

lations of The Salvation Army were
y known as the Mile End Waste, in
l, lived and sinned and died within a
a Campaign.

him of vast multitudes scattered
ed in many lands.

That sympathy was joined
with the most intense practical-
ness of temperament and policy,
and was the secret of much of
the support which The Army

won even from
those who at
first looked upon
our religious

propaganda with positive
contempt.

The Founder's inexhaust-
ible faith in humanity made
his life among many a sort
of Gospel. He had bitter dis-
appointments; but his hope
was inextinguishable. I should
think more cold water was
poured upon him and more
square miles of wet blanket
were spread over him and his
schemes than afflicted any
other mortal who essayed to
lift a hand to bless mankind.
But his faith in man carried
him on; he never abandoned
hope. He knew no prejudices,
and despair was not written
in his dictionary. I often saw
him suffer acutely, but I
new him waver.

was because, above all things,
religious. He had a faith, Doc-
as of more moment to him than
bulk of teachers of his time.
unt travel, and a remarkable
for using interpreters, enabled
speak to enormous numbers of
nd his message was ever the
(Continued on page 13)

To God Be All The Glory!

THE GENERAL Addresses Representative Gathering on Return from Successful U.S.A. Campaign.

THE General, with Mrs. Higgins,
was back again from another
victorious overseas campaign.
This fact gave joyousness to, and
evoked thanksgiving from a gather-
ing of leading Officers in the Temple
at Clapton.

Following the heartfelt petition of
Commissioner Whatmore, the Chief
of the Staff declared that they could
not do other than praise God for the
wonderful seasons of blessing vouch-
safed to the General and Mrs. Hig-
gins during the heavy campaigning
experiences so lately concluded. When
the General rose there was a response
as affectionate as it was spontaneous
and whole-hearted.

"God has been our strength," began
the General. "We acknowledge Him
as the source of every victory . . .
To His name be all the glory." This
note ran like a golden thread through
a resume of the U.S.A. campaign, al-
ready reported in our pages.

For crowds and enthusiasm the
public gatherings had surpassed his
most sanguine expectations, and he
was unstinting in his expressions
concerning the 4,600 Officers of the

different Territories he met in four
historic series of Councils.

He paid a fine tribute to the Com-
mander, and referred appreciatively
to the respective Territorial Leaders.

"It was good," he said, "to see the
eyes sparkle and note the eagerness
when the world-wide aspects of The
Army were indicated."

Ambassadors of many nations,
State Governors, and numbers of
other distinguished and representa-
tive personages had met to wish The
Army God-speed.

The General made reference to the
social conditions prevailing in
America, where it was distressing to
see so many fairly-well dressed peo-
ple waiting in line for help. The Army
was doing much emergency work.

In closing, the General paid tribute
to the splendid way Mrs. Higgins had
labored for the success of the great
campaign, and expressed himself
warmly concerning his "travelling
companion," Lieut. - Commissioner
Parker, who represented the Com-
mander, Colonel Pugmire, his A.D.C.,
and Major Frank Taylor, his Private
Secretary.

FINLAND'S NEW PRESIDENT

Expresses His Gratitude

Colonel Theodor Westergaard, Ter-
ritorial Commander for Finland, re-
cently visited Mr. Svinhufvud, the
new President for the Finnish Re-
public.

I conveyed to the new President
the greetings from Finland's Salva-
tionists (states the Colonel), assur-
ing him of our earnest prayers. I
also told the President that The Army
was at the service of the Finnish
Government, especially for work
among the poor, the fallen, and the
needy.

The President replied in a very
warm and hearty manner, expressing
great gratitude for the good wishes
of The Army. He said that The Army
in his country had worked its way
through many difficulties and much
misunderstanding into a position in
which it was respected by every-
body. Brigadier Savonen, who ac-
companied me, was also kindly
greeted by the President.

SUMMER CONGRESSES

Happy Continental Gatherings

The long summer days have special
attractions for our Continental com-
rades, as they in most cases bring the
Annual Summer Congress in the dif-
ferent Territories. Besides being the
occasions for the gathering together
of comrades from far and near, an
International visitor often leads the
celebrations, thus adding greatly to
their attraction.

In August the General will be lead-
ing gatherings in Berlin, while the
Chief of the Staff will be leaving In-
ternational Headquarters to conduct
the Summer Congresses in Finland
and Norway. He will also conduct
the Congress in Holland in the lat-
ter days of July. Commissioner
Sowton, International Secretary, will
be conducting similar celebrations in
Denmark and Sweden.

It is with regret we announce that
Commander Evangeline Booth will be
unable to conduct the Congress in
Stockholm, as previously stated.

SOME RAILTON ECHOES

From Calabar, Nigeria

WE HAVE just visited Creek
Town, a Calabar Society
(writes Ensign Sully, District
Officer for Calabar, Nigeria). While
there I was shown a copy of "Orders
and Regulations for Field Officers,"
dated 1891. The story attaching to
the book is that many years ago cer-
tain people here having heard of
The Army, wrote the Founder, who
sent them some books to show what
kind of an Organization it was.

He also sent an Officer, who, they
say, "wore a helmet and guernsey." I
think this comrade must have been
Commissioner Railton.

The people of the town formed
what they called "Nkaeriyana,"
which is the Efik for "Salvation
Army," but the Commissioner, find-
ing that the United Free Church of
Scotland was already working in the
district, suggested they had best link
themselves up with that organization.
They apparently did so, but retained
the idea of The Army, becoming the
aggressive section of the Church,
holding Open-air and undertaking
other similar duties.

In 1914 Lieut.-Colonel Twilley evi-
dently spent a week-end there while
prospecting in West Africa, and in
1929 The Army opened up work in
Calabar. The people of Creek Town
then sent a messenger to ask the
Captain to visit them. He did so, and
a Society has been formed as the
outcome.

Mrs. Sully and I left here at 6 a.m.
by canoe, and had a very enjoyable
time with the comrades, conducting
Open-air and two meetings. By
means of gramophone records, which
they certainly enjoyed, we were able
to introduce them to the International
Staff Band, Chalk Farm Band, and
to Colonel Pugmire, the well-known
soloist.

UNIVERSAL DISARMAMENT

Arms and the Churches

A REMARKABLE ovation was ac-
corded the General at a great
meeting held in the Westminster
Central Hall on a recent Monday eve-
ning, under the presidency of His
Grace the Archbishop of York.

The gathering had been widely an-
nounced as "Arms and the Churches,"
and had been arranged in connection
with the universal call to prayer on
behalf of the Conference of the na-
tions to be held in Geneva in Febru-
ary next—probably the most mo-
mentous gathering yet held under the
auspices of the League of Nations.

A large number of bishops, the
leaders of all the Free Churches, and
representatives of more than sixty
important organizations, were on the
platform. Lord Cecil, of Chelwood,
was the principal speaker.

The Archbishop of York paid a
warm tribute to The Army, remark-
ing that it was "a matter of great
personal satisfaction to himself, and,
he believed, to that great audience,
that they had with them on the plat-
form General Higgins, the Leader of
The Salvation Army." This senti-
ment the audience endorsed with a
round of applause.

The General was accompanied by
Lieut. - Commissioner Cunningham
and Lieut.-Colonel Chapman.

Salvationists everywhere are urged
to pray earnestly that the delegates
to the forthcoming Disarmament
Conference may be divinely guided
to an agreement which shall bring
about a universal reduction in the
perilous and unprofitable machinery
of war.

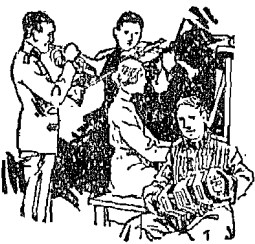
Colonel and Mrs. Noble have re-
turned to their home in Toronto after
nearly twelve months absence abroad.
We hope to get some travel experi-
ences from the Colonel for a future
issue.

Captain and Mrs. Tilley, of Yar-
mouth, are to be congratulated on the
arrival of a bonny baby boy to their
home on June 14th.



2nd, at the Massey Hall, Toronto, by Commissioner James Hay. These young warriors are
parts of our far-stretching Territory

A Page For Our Musical Fraternity



If I Were the Bandmaster

A MATTER-OF-FACT TALK, By a Looker-on

THE talk concerned Bands, and more especially Salvation Army Bands.

"... and if you were the Bandmaster?" queried the youngest Bandsman present with a grimace which showed that he was obviously supposing the impossible, "what would you do?"

"To begin with, I'd keep my heart clean and in the right place, and see that from the neck up I was very much alive," I answered.

"Ah, yes! But how would you act when conducting the Band?"

Well now, had I not often sat in the audience and viewed with wonder, fear, and surprise, various baton-wielders doing their bit, and had just longed to whisper in their ears a few commonplace thoughts of the man in the audience?

Thus it came about that I found myself "spilling" observations and suggestions with all the abandon of a musical critic and with the confidence of a member of the select circle of Bandmasters. That being, of course, because it was not necessary to say anything very profound, but to express the old aphorism that "the looker-on sees more of the show than the actors."

"If I were a Bandmaster I should try and understand thoroughly why I was wagging a baton.

"Away in—yes, in Faraway—did I not see a Bandmaster describing intricate and wondrous cubist designs in the air? He was more self-satisfied than would be the leader of a big first-class symphony orchestra, even though from his Band came con-

fused harmonies and weird effects. Carefree and unruffled, and each moment growing more muscular, the leader waved away and was led on by his Band? Exactly where they were leading each other no one, and least of all the Bandmaster, seemed to know. In the finale the Bandsmen appeared to be all at sea with their leader vigorously throwing imaginary life-belts to them.

"Picture the distress of the hearers!

"If I were the Bandmaster I should feel it was not enough to wave my baton to keep time (important although this is), a mechanical toy can do that; but that I must be the magnetic stimulus at the helm of my Band who demanded from the men at the psychological moment the emotional depths of the music such as would satisfy my personal vision of what the composer required. My soul would then be in the music, giving it color and virility, without which it accomplishes very little in Salvation Army meetings.

"To attain all this means effort and study. But what you put into a thing you get out of it.

"I should cultivate my Bandsmen so that their attitude to me became one of enthusiasm, and not alone that of a recruit to a drillmaster.

"If I were a Bandmaster I should never play a piece in public until I

Bandsman knows his part by heart. Mere improvisation means that the wondrous, soul-stirring harmonies which some of the hymn-tunes contain are completely lost, and the ethereal becomes commonplace and even monotonous. More than one leading Salvation Army combination has established its reputation by its hymn-tune playing. Here is a field where the smallest aggregations may succeed.

"The Band at Faraway, for the most part, led the Bandmaster, and the Bandmaster therefore followed the Band. This sort of thing should not be. Some of the players at Faraway could not easily see their leader, which probably accounted for many things. If I were the Bandmaster there, I'd see that this trifling, though important detail, was remedied right away. I noticed that our Faraway friend kept talking, whispering, and singing to his Bandsmen in fruitless efforts to attract their attention to his calisthenics. In his position I would place my Band intelligently, and then stand on a slightly raised dais to conduct it. I'd be a Bandmaster who was followed, but 'seen and not heard.'

"Some Bandmasters would be surprised if they knew how keen a critic is the man in the audience, despite his unmusical exterior. 'That's a good Band,' opined an ordinary type of

SAFE IN HIS KEEPING:

A CHORUS FOR THE TESTIMONY MEETING



I'm safe in the keeping of Jesus, Who cleansed and made me whole.



I'm safe in the keeping of Jesus, the Shepherd of my soul.



His Spirit guides my wandering feet, Into the paths of light;



I'm safe in the keeping of Jesus, Who leads His people right.

had first fixed in my mind a definite realization of what I wanted the rendition to be. This means a most careful study of its moods, tempo and interpretation. If a Bandmaster chooses the piece in accordance with the limitations of the musicians under him, he should be reasonably sure of good results. That's where the 'Faraway' aggregation was unfortunate.

"How often Bandmasters make all sorts of 'bulls' in choosing their tunes for hymns! Because a tune number is given against a certain song, it does not necessarily follow that that tune is in harmony with the mood of the meeting. How powerful and gracious are the influences of soulful hymn-tune playing when the Bandmaster has made a study of this sort of detail. I have been in a meeting when the holy influences present have made pungent the words of a song. There has been a yearning Godward, and a stirring of the soul in adoration which a hurriedly and badly selected tune would have destroyed completely.

"Speaking of hymn-tune playing, why do so many Bands feel it unnecessary to use music for hymns? This can only be successfully done if each

man as he followed an Army march to the Hall. I learned afterwards that he was impressed by the precise attack of the Band on the opening chord. A glance at the Bandmaster of the Band in question, as he led it in the indoor meeting, showed the secret of the Band's training.

"In every initial attack the leader showed that he realized the value by look and gesture (through psychological suggestion) of intense alertness on his part. Following a brief moment of expectancy, with the baton poised in 'cue' position, and with every mind in obedience to the leader's, it descended, and thirty tongues worked simultaneously to emit a full first note with splendid precision. That is exactly what I should have if I were a Bandmaster!

"The foregoing reminds me again of the Band at Faraway; it was so different. I remember now the final pause to that selection when the Bandmaster was doing his life-belt act, and the Band's poor release. A 2nd horn was apparently the last to be saved. He kept his noise on when all the others had rather raggedly finished. The poor man in the audience bore it bravely, but clenched his hands and ground his teeth in sheer

NEW SONG BOOK GEMS

O, Jesus, Saviour

(No. 395 in new Song Book)
Tune: "Pembroke," 251

O Jesus, Saviour, Christ divine,
When shall I know and feel Thee
mine
With anxious, longing thirst I come
Without a doubt or fear?
To beg Thee make my heart Thy
home,
And keep me holy here.

What is there that I will not give
To have Thee ever with me live—
A conquering Christ within?
My life, my all, this blessed day,
Down at Thy precious feet I lay,
To be redeemed from sin.

O God of Pentecostal fame,
Can I not have that living flame
Burning where'er I go?
From sin and self and shame set free,
Can I not lead lost souls to Thee,
And conquer every foe.

I can, I do just now believe,
I do the heavenly grace receive,
The Spirit makes me clean.
Christ takes the whole of my poor
heart,
No chains shall ever from me part
My Lord Who reigns supreme.

Be Pleased to Keep Me, Lord

(No. 884 in new Song Book)
Tune: "My Shepherd," 72

Be pleased to keep me, Lord, this day
Without committing sin,
And with me let Thy Spirit stay,
And ever dwell within.

Thou canst from every sin secure;
And is it not Thy will
Still to preserve Thy servant pure
From every touch of ill?

Why wilt Thou not for all my life
My helpless soul defend,
And bear me through the doubtful
strife,
And keep me to the end?

Behold, with humble faith I bow
My soul before Thy throne;
Deliver me from evil now,
For Thou canst save Thine own.

My soul on Thee, O Lord, relies,
Thine arms are my defence;
My soul, hell, earth, and sin defies
To come and pluck me thence.

BELLEVILLE HELPS

NAPANEE

NAPANEE (Ensign and Mrs. Worthylake) — A very enjoyable week-end campaign was conducted recently by the Belleville Band. On Saturday night the Band was on the Market Square, where people listened with interest and profit to the message in music. On Sunday Ensign Howlett's address proved of great blessing. Mrs. Ensign Howlett delivered an address in the evening, and made an earnest appeal. At the close of the day the Band repaired to the Park and rendered some further items of music and song.

desperation... and he did not subscribe to the Band Fund!

"If I were a Bandmaster, I should teach my men to phrase intelligently. The places for respiration, especially in hymn tunes where the words are familiar, are generally fairly obvious, but I'd be careful to see that the careless players did their part properly. I'd see that the Bandsmen marked on their music all musical places for phrasing. Then such mutilated playing as 'There is a Fountain—ain filled with—Blood,' would not be played."

"Guess you've said a mouthful, and enough for this time," said the youngest Bandsman with a guilty look as if the last remark had hit him rather hard.

So that's that!—W.G.H.

EAST VISITS WEST

EAST TORONTO (Field - Major and Mrs. Higdon)—On Wednesday the Band visited Brock Avenue Corps and rendered an interesting program, ably presided over by Adjutant Barker. A number of special items were given by the Male Voice Party, also vocal solos by Sister Gillies and Bandsman Potter, instrumental solos by Deputy Bandmaster Crowe and Bandsman McLennon. The last-mentioned were pleased to welcome recently into the Corps.

On Saturday night, whilst the Band was holding the Open-air meeting, an erstwhile Bandsman, 87 years of age, told how he had motored dozens of miles to hear the strains of the old hymn tunes!

On Sunday the meetings were led by Major and Mrs. Watkins, formerly of India. In the afternoon the Major gave an interesting lecture on his work and travels. The meetings were well attended, and much of the Spirit of God was felt.

The Toronto Parks Commission have kindly granted the Band permission to play in the new Lynn Park and thus many people who never attend a place of worship are being reached.—T.W.G.

MUSIC IN P.E.I.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I. (Captain Dearman, Lieutenant Pyke)—On a recent Thursday we had a visit from the Charlottetown Band. A rousing Open-air meeting preceded the Festival in the Epworth Hall, where there was a good attendance and a very enjoyable program.—A. McN.

HER DREADFUL QUEST

SHE HAUNTED HIM WITH INTENT TO KILL—BUT THERE WAS NO DEATH IN THE STREETS THAT NIGHT, FOR THE ARMY'S MUSIC TRIUMPHED

"A WOMAN in great trouble wishes to speak to you," said the Corps Sergeant-Major to the Officer's wife as he approached the open-air meeting at a provincial Corps. "She is standing in the shadow of that shop, and is like one demented."

Despite this description the Salvationist was little prepared to find a woman whose eyes were dilated, who had bitten her lips until they were bleeding, and who seized her arm at the moment of approach, crying:

"Save me! Save me! Oh, what shall I do; I want to kill him. I came out to kill him"—the hand at her bosom clutched convulsively. "There he is, the brute, on the other side of the street."

"I was going to do it to-night," she panted, "but I passed your meeting as I followed him, and I heard you sing, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.'"

"What can I do, sister? Oh, do ask God to help me!"

"Come with me and we'll talk over the matter quietly," said the Officer, and led the moaning, distraught woman to The Army Hall.

The light of a full moon filled the building with ghostly radiance as they sat and talked together.

Piece by piece, between sobs and passionate denunciations, the woman told her story.

She and her husband lived next door to their landlord, who had, again and again, surprised them by his attention to their needs.

One day, however, the wife received more attention than the house. Shocked beyond degree, she dared the man ever again to speak to her.

Unfortunately, however, she refrained from disclosing to her husband the true character of their "exceptional" landlord; comforting herself with the thought that he would keep his place in the future.

Not so easily was the foe defeated. He watched and presently devised a plan of diabolical cunning. He noticed the husband endeavoring to water his garden with a fragment of hose. This was his opportunity!

"Hi, Jack," he said, "you've no need to struggle on with that thing. What about those scrapped pieces of canvas from the air-brakes?" Jack was a car conductor in a city where "trailers" were used, with canvas-covered tubes between the two cars as part of the braking system.

"Yes, I've seen them lying about the sheds," was the reply, "but they're not supposed to be taken even though they are 'scrap.'"

"Oh, don't be a fool," cried the landlord; "three or four of those linked together would make a splendid hose; plenty of the chaps have got them. The authorities wink at it, the old tubes being of no value to the company."

The poison did its work. The husband secured the tubes. A few hours later the police and a railway inspector visited the house. The charge could not be denied, and the unfortunate husband was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. This was heavy punishment, but the authorities had pressed the case because, while pilfering was rife, they rarely caught the thief.

His evil plan of suggesting the theft and then betraying his victim having succeeded, the landlord resumed his pursuit of the wife. He was repulsed with even greater horror, and when the poor woman eventually discovered how her husband had been entrapped, she was filled with a mad rage that was only satisfied by the securing of a revolver. She became the pursuer—and that to kill.

The listening Officer in that moonlit Hall now knew why her companion had kept one hand so tightly clenched.

Her gentle words were as the voice of God to the stricken woman. With a shudder that seemed to shake her inmost soul she drew a revolver from her bosom and dropped it with a clatter onto the Penitent-form as she, surrendering herself to God, fell on her knees, and fainted away. Her beautiful head lay beside the revolver.

That night a Salvationist went with the woman to her home and the waiting children, and there was joy in the household, for the mother had found the peace of God.



She drew a revolver from her bosom and dropped it with a clatter onto the Penitent-form

The imprisoned husband's long hours were filled with planning revenge, but when a Salvationist visited him, called his wife into the cell and told him of all that had happened, he, too, opened his heart to the merciful and mercy-giving Saviour. Employment was found for the wife, and upon his discharge the husband was placed in a situation some distance from the scene of this tense drama.

Should you discover this one-time street-car conductor, you would find him prospering on a farm, the proud father of a Blood-and-Fire family.

And one more tribute is paid to the power of The Army's music in the busy street.

LATEST FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

NEW LEADERS WARMLY WELCOMED

In Meetings Led by Colonel Adby (R)

HEARTY sentiments of welcome were expressed to Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, Newfoundland's new Leaders, by representative Officers and endorsed during the week-end welcome meetings.

The Commissioner certainly had a happy thought when he decided to send Colonel Adby to Newfoundland to conduct the installation meetings of the incoming leaders.

Much of the success of these gatherings was due to the successful piloting of this veteran of the fight, who received a warmth of welcome which leaves no doubt as to his place in the hearts of the Newfoundlanders. With such a singing leader on the bridge it is not to be wondered at

that fervent singing characterized the meetings.

The new leaders were greatly cheered at the hearty, spontaneously responsive manner in which they were received in these welcome services. Their messages were full of blessing and eagerly heard.

There were splendid audiences throughout, the comrades and friends of St. John's being reinforced by many Salvationists from all over the country. Brigadier and Mrs. Burton



Two bonny twin sisters born in The Army's Grace Hospital, St. John's

have been well received in Newfoundland and can be assured of the co-operation of all ranks in their endeavors to forward the work of God in the Island Dominion.

SHARING SOUL INTERESTS

THERE is a sacred joy, a whole-some intimacy, in the home where God's Holy Word is prayed over and discussed; where experiences of the inner life are exchanged and where plans for definite activity for God are happily formulated. Does this happen in your home?

GONE TO GLORY

BROTHER E. J. BAKER,
Harry's Harbor

Brother Elot James Baker has been promoted to Glory from his place in the Harry's Harbor Corps. Our comrade was converted forty-one years ago, and had spent thirty-nine years as Corps Sergeant-Major, in which position he rendered faithful service.

He was confined to his home for a number of months before the Call came, but during that time he repeatedly gave testimony to the power of God in his life. When nearing the River, he took each member of his family by the hand, asking them to meet him in Heaven. Before he passed away, he assured his loved ones that all was well.

The funeral service was conducted by Captain Wheeler, of Jackson's Cove, and a most impressive service was held. Following the service in the house, the remains were taken to the United Church, owing to the large crowd that came to pay their last respects to a faithful comrade. The Captain spoke warmly of the splendid qualities possessed by the departed comrade, praising God for his victorious life. At the memorial service, conducted by Captain Wheeler, one seeker sought Salvation.

Our deepest sympathy is expressed to Captain Elsie Baker, and the wife and son.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

For a Great Warrior

GRAND BANK, Nfld. (Commandant Peach, Captain Simmons) — The loss of our late Corps Officer, Field-Major Sainsbury, is keenly felt here. The passing of this veteran Officer has already been reported in "The War Cry." A very impressive memorial service was conducted by Commandant Peach, Sergeant-Major Handrigan, who was deeply affected on hearing of the Field-Major's passing, spoke of his wonderful influence

BRANCHING OUT

Young People's Band Commissioned

ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)—Major and Mrs. Best were with us on Sunday. The Holiness meeting was a time of rich blessing to all. In the afternoon a very impressive event took place. Twenty-six Junior Soldiers were commissioned as Young People's Bandsmen. The boys took their places on the platform and the Major had a few words of encouragement for each one as he gave them their first commission. Our Officer also spoke to them and explained the meaning of the Flag under which they stood and took their first commission in The Army. They played the opening song with the Senior Band and then played the "Spanish Chant."

The night meeting was well attended. We had the joy of seeing two at the Mercy-seat. On Monday night there was a Musical Festival and presentation of instruments. The chairman, Mr. Anderson, spoke very highly of The Salvation Army's work in St. Thomas and hoped that the new Band would prosper.

Adjutant Godden and Band-Leader P. Homewood surely feel well repaid in the results in the new Band. The Singing Brigade, also a new branch of the work, sang very sweetly. They are doing well. Sister Bessie Parsons is the leader. Solos and instrumental music brought to a close a very busy and happy week-end.—K.V.

SUMMERSIDE (Captain P. Ritchie, Lieutenant Berry)—On Sunday we said farewell to Captain Dearman and Lieutenant Pyke. We pray that, as they go to their new field of labor, God shall bless their efforts.—A.Mc.N.

in the Corps, for he gave of his very best for the Salvation of Grand Bank. Captain Simmons soloed, and Commandant Peach spoke of the need for preparation for eternity.

Our prayers and sympathy go out to Mrs. Sainsbury and the family. May God comfort them all.—C.C. E.

"OUR MEN HAVE GONE"

But Flag Still Flying

BRITANNIA (Captain Abbott, Lieutenant Hopkins) — Our Home League members recently held a Sale and Tea which netted a splendid sum. On Sunday we had the District Officer, Commandant Woodland, with us. His message was one of inspiration and blessing. One man sought and found Christ. On Monday night an effective lantern service was given by the Commandant.

Nearly all of our men have gone away for the summer. They will be greatly missed. Those who remain behind are keeping the Flag flying.—F. F.

A FORTUNATE THIRTEEN

ST. ANTHONY (Lieutenant Gill) —Thirteen seekers have been registered since April. These converts are now taking their stand for Christ. The meetings conducted last week-end were full of inspiration and power. During the testimony meeting eight seekers knelt at the Cross.

WHAT'LL THE CHANGE DO

"New Brooms" in Fresh Quarters Should Produce a Stirring of the Dust—Eh?

WHO was it first said that "A new broom sweeps clean"? Whoever he was—surely we are right in employing the masculine there!—he had evidently developed his bump of observation to some purpose. There is little doubt that he had consumed his good share of the dust of the world; possibly his peck was quickly collected; because one cannot be around where the new broom gets busy without absorbing generous quantities of the clouding consequence of the stir-up.

However, that may be, he made the statement and it has become one of the stock phrases of the English language. And because it so excellently epitomises what we have to say, upon a matter which is near to our heart, we propose to employ it right away in that same connection.

First, by way of disclosing somewhat our intention, let us express our gratitude to every Officer in the Canada East Territory who gave time, thought and labor to the distribution of "The War Cry" at the Corps from which they have just farewelled. Then, as gratitude has been defined as "a lively sense of favor to come," let us live up to that somewhat cynical idea by adding our sense of expectation that the future may see yet greater results attending upon similar interest in the Corps to which they have gone. There you have it! Now it becomes clear that we had a motive in referring to new brooms and the clouds of dust which they stir up.

An Officer of our acquaintance, when asked why he had not done better in the matter of "War Cry" sales, told us, some months ago, that

he had no opportunity in this regard at the Corps to which he was then attached. But he promised what he would do on entering another command. Now we wait to see! Go to it, Captain; it's all in front of you.

See what opportunities in the direction of stir-up await the newly-changed Officers. Let us refer to only one case in point. Adjutant McLean and Adjutant Hayward, of Moncton, became famous, with their workers, for "War Cry" selling on the trains passing through that railway junction. It was always interesting to note, on pulling out from the station after the usual wait, how the passengers settled down to read the latest news of Army doings in the pages of the Official Organ.

Just how things will go on at Moncton we have not been told; but we have little fear but that the succeeding Officers will carry on in the way so well established. But the Corps at West Toronto, to which Moncton's late Officers have now gone, should profit by the access of zeal, in this matter of "War Cry" distribution, and the stir-up of the new brooms should lead to a goodly increase in circulation.

Our comrades at the West Toronto Corps will not mind our reference to them in this way, we feel sure, for we could have used other names in the same way. But the point we wish to stress is just this—The change spells opportunity for many of our Officer comrades to transplant thriving notions for the good of all, and not the least of these will be new ways of boosting "War Cry" sales.

You have the chance of a lifetime before you, dear comrades. We rely on you utilizing the occasion to the utmost.

And Now He's Back Again

(Continued from Page 5)

International Headquarters by the late Commissioner Bates. Examinations were passed with flying colors, and thus Fred Beer made his definite debut to the realm of finance.

In 1901, when The Army's printing works were moved from London to St. Albans, he was selected for transfer. Then, as Captain, came a change in the procession of events, and with Mrs. Beer he was sent to South Africa. Returning to England, he rendered seven years service with the Emigration Department.

It was in 1915 that the Major made his first acquaintance with Toronto, and since that time—or rather up until a few days ago—he has served in the Finance Department at Territorial Headquarters.

And now he's back in the Trade again. We prophesy continued expansion under his wide-awake leadership!

We have, of course, only told one side of the Major's story as yet, and the least known at that. To the world at large, he is Major Fred Beer, Cornetist and Singer of sweet songs.

This well-earned reputation came to him early in life. He was the son of Salvationist parents, and when but a youngster would trot along by the side of his Bandsman brother, carrying his euphonium, and feeling "as proud as punch," as the saying goes. By the time he was thirteen he was playing a cornet of his own!

In the Old Country he earned no small distinction in Banding circles, leading the Weston-super-Mare, Wood Green and Southend Bands at different times, and was for a term a member of the International Staff Band. Well-remembered service as the leader of the Staff Quartet gained him country-wide recognition in our own Territory. The Major's musical ministry has been of untold spiritual blessing to countless folk.

Mrs. Beer's record of service is equally as long as her husband's she entering the ranks also from Weston in 1895. She has been an able help-mate to her husband, and has done staunch service throughout the years. May God continue to bless them both in the future years.

A TEMPLE OF ENDURING WORTH

(See Frontispiece)

We raise a Temple of enduring worth,
Heaven's Kingdom come to rule o'er all
the earth;
Our everlasting home of peace and
liberty,
Fairest creation 'neath Heaven's canopy.
A Kingdom 'tis, where wrong dare not
appear;
Where men are brothers; gone is every
fear
Of strife or pestilence, or poverty's grim
ill;
The Law of Love is every creature's
will.

"Impossible! A visionary's scheme!
Chimera of a transient, foolish dream!"

Say not so; for it were blasphemy
To limit God by the periphery
Of the endless circle of a hopeless hope;
His plans are infinite—and so our scope
For future action if we work with Him.
Let Christ be King, and then all sin
And discord will fast fly away
And men will hail the new and gladsome
day.

—C.W.

Our readers will be interested in studying our frontispiece. Different ages of architecture are here represented, and among these majestic piles will be seen the Mosque of Sophia, St. Peter's of Rome, the Arch of Titus, St. Paul's of London, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the Chinese Wall, as well as the skyscraper of the modern world.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN

EARLSCOURT (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)—A hearty welcome was extended to our new Officers on Thursday. Warm words of welcome were voiced by Young People's Sergeant-Major MacFarlane, Songster-Leader A. Boys, and Corps Secretary A. Major. Corps Sergeant-Major W. Farwell conducted the opening exercises.

On Sunday the addresses given by the Ensign and Mrs. Gage, the short talks by Lieutenant Kerr and his vocal solos imparted blessing and inspiration.

Bandmaster A. Austin led the afternoon Open-air, held in Earls-court Park. Ensign Russel, just returned from India, gave an enlightening talk.

We are going in heart and soul for the Summer Open-air Campaign just organized by our new Divisional Commander.—A.M.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL DALZIEL
(The Chief Secretary)

Haliburton, Wed July 8
Campbellford, Sat Sun July 19

Colonel Morehen: Yorkville, Sat Mon July 13; Toronto Temple, Sat Sun 19
Major Hollande: Toronto Temple, Sun July 26
Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy: North Bay, Thurs Fri July 10; Kirkland Thurs 16; Timmins, Fri Sun 19; New Liskeard, Mon 20; Haileybury, Tues 23; Sudbury, Fri 24; Sault Ste. Marie I, Sat Sun 26; Sault Ste. Marie II, Mon Tues 28; Huntsville, Thurs 30; Gravenhurst, Fri 31

TED. A. PEPPER—STILL GOING STRONG

Twentieth Episode



MY FATHER, THE FOUNDER

(Continued from page 9)

message of his Master, "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." He was not a preacher of ancient history, but of the living God and living facts.

Forced into solitary action by the indisposition of the Church of forty years ago to tolerate any extraordinary evangelism, he could have claimed to have set them all a pace that they now aim at surpassing. The attitude of a large part of the religious world has been totally changed towards efforts of all kinds for Christianising the peoples, and for ameliorating their social miseries.

The Founder was fortunate alike in his friends and foes. Everywhere bad men, and those who flourished by the sins and vices of the people, hated and opposed him. The narrow and small in the Churches, people of "limited" notions in religion maligned him.

It was a rule with him not to retaliate—scarcely to explain. Abuse often spelt advertisement of the most valuable order. One of our Canadian Officers, being pelted with eggs, found that they were, evidently, by an error of her persecutors, quite good. She caught them and converted them into omelets for herself and Lieutenant, and flourished during a hard time! It was often so with the Founder; but whether, or not, my father's rule was the Apostle's—"Being reviled we bless, being persecuted we suffer it, being defamed we entreat."

Carlyle says that the great man is but the lightning descending from Heaven, setting fire to the fuel in the common mass from which henceforth the light must proceed. It was so with our Founder. He was the kindling fire of Divine Compassion in this great Movement.

"The War Cry" is grateful for the services rendered by Ensign Herbert Wood, of North Toronto Corps, who has drawn the illustrations for the short serial story "Marco Polo."

* * *

We regret to report that Commandant Mabb, the Toronto Police Court Officer, recently sustained injuries in a fall. It is expected that she will be about again in a few days.

NEW DIVISIONAL LEADERS INSTALLED

The Chief Secretary at Windsor, and the Field Secretary at Toronto West, Conduct Interesting Gatherings

A WARMER welcome than that accorded to Major and Mrs. Sparks, Windsor Division's new Commander and his wife, could scarcely be imagined.

In the afternoon the Officers of the Division met in Council and tendered comradely greetings, and later in the day those who attended the public gathering, added to the general feeling of gladness at the coming of Major and Mrs. Sparks.

We were indeed fortunate in having the Chief Secretary present for the Installation, and in that characteristic manner which has already won for the Colonel a large place in the esteem of Border Cities Salvationists he piloted both the meetings mentioned in most interesting and profitable manner.

In the intimate afternoon gathering Mrs. Adjutant Harrison, of Sarnia, Ensign Warrander, of Windsor I, and the Divisional Young People's Secretary, Adjutant Stevenson, were the representative speakers. In expressions intimating the entire confidence with which Major and Mrs. Sparks had been sent to Windsor, the Chief Secretary presented them, and each by their earnest and sympathetic manner, penetrated still further into the affection of the members of their "official family."

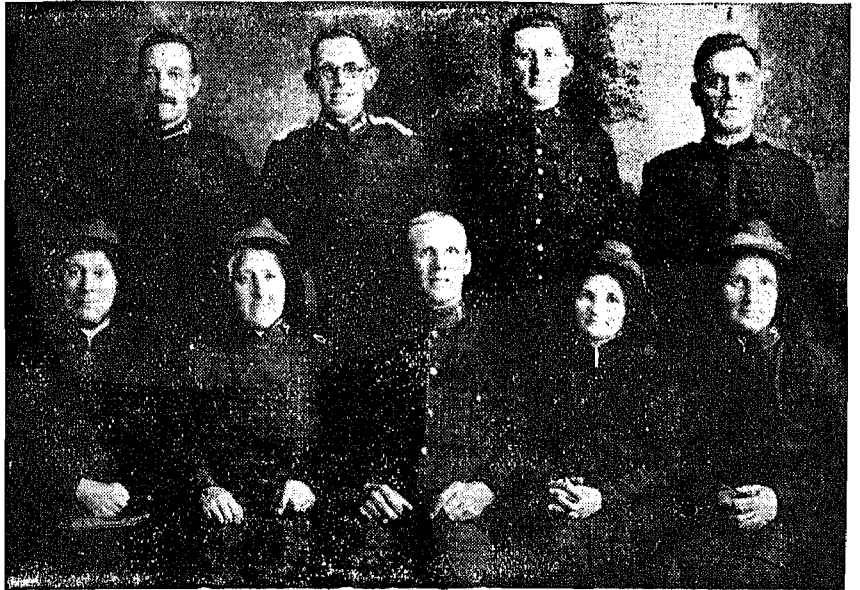
Following a delightful repast, kindly provided by our comrades of the Windsor III Corps, the Officers of the Division joined in an Open-air meeting, where the Chief Secretary captivated the attention of the passers-by his powerful and convincing address. Lustily singing, the Officers marched to the Citadel, to the evident delight of the assembling soldiery.

For almost two hours the crowd sat in stifling heat which failed to affect the interest manifested.

Interspersed between welcome speeches from representative speakers—Commandant Raymer, of Chatham, Corps Sergeant-Major Bowyer, of East Windsor, Young People's Sergeant-Major Fennacy, as well as Adjutant Stevenson—the Citadel Band and Songsters rendered pleasing items.

A pleasing touch was added to the meeting by the presence of Lieut.-Colonel Norris, of Detroit, who ex-

tended very cordial greetings from comrades "across the line," and brought into the meeting that International spirit which is so welcome and helpful.



Hamilton V Census Board. Top row, from left: Treasurer G. Sturch, Bandmaster L. Homewood, Corps Sergeant-Major T. Millar, and Secretary W. Barley. Front row, from left: Recruiting-Sergeant Sister King, Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Stagg, Ensign and Mrs. Dickinson, who have now farewelled for Essex, and Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Taylor. These Locals all have splendid records of service

The Chief Secretary, who was warmly received, read a message of personal greeting and expression of confidence from our Territorial Leader, and added his own tribute to the newcomers which was appreciated to the full.

Major and Mrs. Sparks signified their desire to spend and be spent in the Cause they hold so dear, and their willingness to serve God and The Army to the very utmost of their powers.

* * *

ON MONDAY last at Lisgar Street Citadel, in the presence of a capacity crowd of comrades and friends, Major and Mrs. Ham were in-

A GALA OCCASION

For the Toronto Receiving Home

A DELIGHTFUL event was the sale of work and lawn social held on the grounds of the Toronto Receiving Home on Saturday afternoon last. It was a gala occasion for this institution, which is a haven of refuge to many young women of Toronto and vicinity.

Colonel DesBrisay, the Women's Social Secretary, opened proceedings, and made a most genial guest throughout the afternoon and evening.

Tea was served in dainty style, and at night a program of absorbing interest was presented. Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy and the Salvation Singers provided a number of items, and the highly-entertaining efforts of the Yorkville and North Toronto Life-Saving Guards were keenly appreciated.

It was indeed a happy and most profitable occasion.

stalled as the new Divisional Leaders for Toronto West.

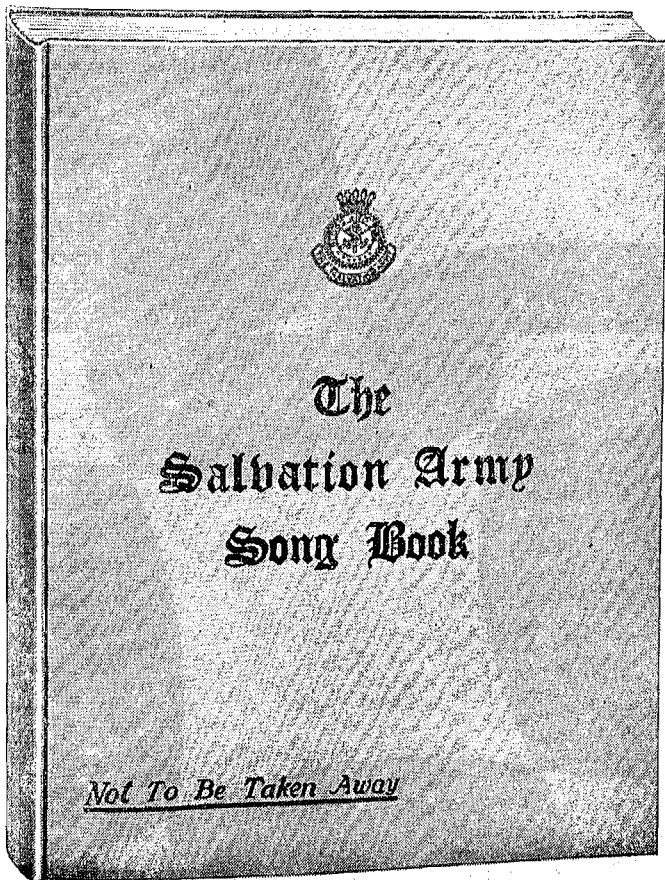
Colonel McAmmond, the Field Secretary, conducted the meeting which was full of interest from start to finish.

Among the representative speakers called on during the evening to express the happy sentiments of their comrades were Adjutant Green, the Divisional Young People's Secretary; Corps Sergeant-Major Whitehouse, of Dovercourt, representing the Senior Soldiers; and Young People's Sergeant-Major Dowding, of Toronto Temple, representing the Young People.

Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, principal of the Training Garrison, with whom Major Ham was associated for some time, also offered greetings to the incoming Divisional Commander and his wife. It was fitting that the gathering was also addressed by Colonel Gideon Miller, a former Field Secretary of Canada East, who was present, and under whose oversight Major and Mrs. Ham served for a number of years. The audience was pleased also to hear Mrs. Miller.

With The Army Colors unfurled above them, Major and Mrs. Ham were solemnly dedicated to their new sphere of service by the Field Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Saunders praying that their labors in Toronto West Division shall be abundantly blessed.

The Earls Court Band and the West Toronto Songster Brigade were present to translate into music their shouts of welcome to the new Divisional Leaders, for whom we prophecy a term full of joy and usefulness.



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Officers, Order Your Corps Supply from the Printing Secretary Now. 40 Cents per Copy

REDUCED RATES FOR QUANTITIES



A ROPE OF SAFETY

Which helped to drag Pete from a maelstrom of wretchedness.

WHEN Grace Jones called her little boy to her knee for his evening prayer and "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," she little dreamed that she was providing him with a rope of safety by which, in after years, he was to be dragged from the maelstrom of wretchedness into which the sins of his manhood would cast him.

She had no great religious purposes in mind in so doing; she was merely carrying on a habit to which she had been introduced in her own early years. Certainly never a thought of "Salvation," as some people called religion, entered her head; that for her boy was to be a prayer and desire born after long years of sorrow. It was more because she liked to hear the prattle of his baby voice as he said: "Ook on me a 'little child,'" and because the charm of his little words gave her an excuse to hug him to herself before she laid him in his pretty be-ribboned cot, and kissed him a lingering "Good-night."

But, as we say, that boyish prayer and the memory of it were to be the very means by which the anguish of a white-haired mother was to be turned to rejoicing, and a godless

wreck to be made into a noble Christian.

The years passed and in a far-Western Canadian town, where life was rough and restraints were few, a little Salvation Army Corps had come to town, and the Officers were in the habit of conducting meetings in the early evenings with some of the children of the neighborhood.

Pete Jones, the disgraceful notoriety of the town, was passing the Hall, on his way from what little work he had done that day, thinking only of the evening's debauchery which he had before him; so usual an occurrence that it cannot be said he was planning it. It was winter time, approaching Christmas, and in the dark of the country street nobody took notice of him.

As he passed the little Army Hall the lighted windows attracted him; they looked so cheery and bright, and for some unknown reason he halted in his shambling walk. Just then, led by the Captain, the children's voices began to sing the prayer which Pete had learned so many years ago down in his Ontario home:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Dear Lord! How many years ago was it since he had sung that hymn? And, as he stood there in the darkened evening, a blot against the snow, there came over him such a sweeping sense of his degradation and of his far-offness from his mother's prayers that, scarcely realizing his own action, he pushed open the door of the

Hall, and stumbled in amongst the frightened children, and the scarcely less startled Captain.

"Go on," he said, "keep on singing it; go on, don't stop."

"Won't you come up this way, brother," said the little Officer, "come up and sing it with us!"

But there, of course, everybody knows the end of the story (at least everybody knows it in Pete's town), how in front of those innocent children he remembered his mother's prayers and how he became a child again, and was "suffered to come."

Pete often speaks about that evening, and nearly as often goes back to the childish memories of other and earlier days. He does not say much, however, about the sad times in between, except perhaps to tell how the deeds of them have been forgiven by "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."—J.

CORPS FIRST WORKS

WESTON (Captain Wilder, Lieutenant Britton)—The first Soldiers' tea in the history of this Corps was held recently. Adjutant and Mrs. Green were the guests of honor, and fifty comrades took part.

During a subsequent service, the Adjutant enrolled three new Soldiers—all converts of the Corps. The little child of two of these comrades was dedicated afterwards, this being the first dedication in the new Hall.

The meeting also took the form of a farewell to Captain D. Smith, who has put in splendid service in the Corps.

WE MISS YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

DORSEY, George W.—Age 17; height 6 ft. 1½ ins.; weight 168 pounds; light hair; blue eyes; decided Southern accent; long raised scar on one side of arm. Illness in family. Reward Offered.

TURNER, Edgar William—Born in August, 1907; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; light-brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; was a farm worker. Father, in England, anxious for news. Was employed on a farm at Lakefield.

WAY, Captain—Was in Machine Gun Depot, Exhibition Camp, Toronto, in 1917. Friend, in Old Country, anxious for news.

LANAGHAN, Edward—Came to Toronto in 1910. Age 64; height 5 ft. 4½ ins.; brown hair, turning grey; first finger on right hand missing.

DODGE—Age 41. Missing eight years; last heard of in Winnipeg. Father and mother anxious for news.

WAINE—Age 28; height 5 ft. 9½ ins.; very dark brown hair; brown eyes; dark complexion. Worked for brother at Willowdale, Ontario. Mother ill and anxious for news.

MCDONALD, John—Age 56; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; black hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Missing seventeen years. Brother anxious to hear.

PHILLIPS, Michael—Age 37; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; brown hair; blue eyes; pale complexion; native of Galway; carpenter by trade. May have changed his name to O'Neill.

WALKER, William—Age 18; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; light brown eyes; fair hair and complexion. Came to Canada under the Newcastle Emigration Scheme in July, 1928. May have assumed the name of William Logan. Last address was General Delivery, Springhill P.O., Nova Scotia.

JOHNSON, Isidor Martin—Came to Canada from Sweden in 1923. Age 36; height about 6 ins.; blue eyes; light hair; slender. Last known address, St. Joseph, Quebec. Sister, Miss Alfhild Johnson, 5 Water Street, New York City, is anxious to communicate.

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BY HUGH REDWOOD

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The new Salvation Army Tune Book will provide some wonderful evenings around the piano or organ.

Blue Cloth, \$1.75; Black Persian Leather, \$2.75. Presentation Copies, Special Binding, \$3.50.

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Revival Sermons, Wilbur Chapman.
Sermons on Biblical Characters; More Sermons on Biblical Characters, Chappell.

Highways of the Heart; Gateways of the Stars, Morrison.
The Mind of the Master, MacLaren.
The Breath of the Winds; Enchanted Universe, Shannon.

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CANADIANA

THERE'S plenty of rhubarb pie on prairie menus this summer. More than seventy carloads of rhubarb—a record movement in many years—have been shipped eastward this season from the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia.

In 1930 New Brunswick produced 520,000 quarts of strawberries and raspberries—the former accounting for ninety-six per cent. of this quantity.

A veritable forest of young trees—three million in number—has been distributed to Saskatchewan farmers this year by the Dominion Forestry Department at Sutherland. Should the plainsmen of long ago find themselves able to return to their beloved prairies, they would be astonished at its changed condition!

In 1890 the City of Hamilton, Ont., boasted 850 telephones. To-day 30,616 are installed—practically one phone to every five citizens.

There was a time, before the era of modern industrial expansion which commenced in England in the latter 18th century, when every private home was a workshop! If the suggestion which the St. John Board of Trade intends to take up with Premier Richards, goes into effect, there will be at least a partial reversion to this homely custom, for the Board is going to advise that cottage industries be established in New Brunswick, to give employment during winter months to many people in the rural districts who are now unproductive.

There's a family of Rhode Island Reds in British Columbia who are members of a university, and they have outstripped all competitors in the first two years of their "course"! They have already averaged one hundred eggs in their second year, and give promise of exceeding an average of two hundred before the fall. Such production has never been recorded in any strain or breed anywhere in the world, Professor E. A. Lloyd, head of the poultry Department of the University of British Columbia, declares. These hens deserve a worthy degree—say, the B. L.—Best Layers!

Western Canada is rapidly becoming industrialized. For example, some 564 commodities are manufactured in Edmonton, Alberta, according to the latest figures. Chief among these are: men's clothing, fur garments, women's and children's wear, iron, steel, and sheet metal products, wire fences, furnaces, brooms, biscuits, beverages, lumber, window sashes, doors, boxes, cement, brick, paper cartoons, flour, boats, canoes, candies, shoes, cabinets, chairs, auto accessories, signs, packing house products, dairy products, mattresses, neckties, scarifiers, paints, plows, soap, springs, stone, toiletries, aerated waters, wood wool, violins, and vinegar.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST FACE LIFTED

At Last the Inscrutable Sphinx Has Fallen Into Line

IN ALL ages the operation known as "face-lifting" has become a commonplace, says a writer in "The New Outlook." And now comes the story from Egypt that the Sphinx has fallen into line and called for a treatment. That mysterious figure on the sands at Giza—with a human head and the body of a lion, carved from the solid rock and standing as high as a five-storey building—had been showing signs of approaching age. And no wonder! It has stood there perhaps five thousand years or more, buffeted by the blown sand of the desert and the depredations of drifting human tribes.

A few years ago, a party of tourists were startled by a loud noise of

splitting rock and saw a great chunk of the headdress tumble to the ground. When an inspection followed, other serious cracks were found. Erosion had cut deep wrinkles in the neck and face. So the Government beauty-specialists received an order for a treatment, and the world-famous figure has had its face lifted and all neck wrinkles removed or filled. And yet, who can be certain that the strange inscrutable face was surprised by this modern operation? Have not those who delve into the story of ancient days been telling us lately that there is little known even in the beauty-parlors of to-day that was not known in Egypt and Syria thousands of years ago?

THE WORLD FROM DAY TO DAY

A SURVEY OF CURRENT EVENTS

'For Those in Peril on the Sea'

THERE are few vocations which call forth greater admiration than that of the lifeboatman. An incident of a lifeboat rescue is graphically given by one of the crew in a South of England coastal village:

Can you picture a dark night, with the wind howling down the chimney and the rain beating on the windows, and above it all the roaring and thunder of the sea on the beach?

Such was happening outside our home, where I was sitting with my boy and girl on my knees reading a story to them just before they sang their little hymn and said their prayers before retiring to bed, when the front door was thrown open and my brother shouted that he had heard from the next lifeboat station that a ship had parted her anchors, and he was going to assemble the lifeboat crew.

No one can express one's feeling when such a message is given; it means leaving the warmth of home, and kissing and saying good-bye to wife and children, those little ones standing with their eyes wide open watching daddy hurriedly dressing, and who shall say that God does not listen to their little prayers at night as they repeat together, "God bless Daddy"?

"Where's the Wreck?"

I plunged out into the night and fought my way to the beach, the rain beating in my face. The coxswain had just arrived with the signalman whose duty it is to fire the maroons. Two maroons are used to call up the crew. These were set off, and in a few minutes the beach was crowded with people peering out into the blackness and asking one of the other: "Where's the wreck?"

We donned our oilskins, sou'westers and lifebelts and stood by our boat waiting for the order to launch.

About four miles to windward of us, was the distress signal of the ship, consisting of a paraffin flare made out of anything burnable.

We waited and watched, and just as we were beginning to despair, a very heavy squall altered the weather and made it possible for us to make an attempt at rescue, while it put our fellow lifeboatmen to a disadvantage by the change in wind.

We took our boat down to the water, and after some difficulty managed to get afloat and proceeded to the ship, which at this time was continually using flares. They had drifted within three-quarters of a mile of our station, and were only

about three hundred yards off the shore, riding in a very heavy sea.

The men were almost done; they had been lashed to the rigging when they were not burning flares. The people on shore were notified that we had the crew by burning a hand-flare, first half burning green, and then white star-lights.

We made a good landing, and the rescued men were taken by our coxswain, my own father, to his home, where his wife had waited up

HEROES OF THE SEA ARE THE LIFE-BOATMEN WHO RUSH BRAVELY INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH

all night with the fire alight and kettle boiling in readiness, she having spent her whole life in work among the sailors, and knew what to expect. And so they were taken from the prospect of almost immediate drowning into warmth of a home where Christ reigns supreme, and love and kindness and usefulness is the outcome of His dwelling there.

And so ends the night, and the fisherman goes back to his boats and

The launching of the "Cyril and Lilian Bishop," at Hastings, on the South Coast of England. This new motor lifeboat is the gift of an anonymous donor



FACTS ABOUT MILK

There's Butter-Fat in All Milks

All milk contains a fatty constituent similar to the butter-fat in cow's milk, and, according to Government dairy experts, there is no reason to believe that butter will not be made, some day, from the milk of any mammal, although there might be difficulty in separating the butter in the milk of some animals on account of the smallness of the fat globules.

It is said, for instance, that camel's milk will yield no butter, no matter how much it is churned. The reason lies in the fact the fat globules are so small that they cannot be separated by agitating the milk. The same is true of the milk of most mammals. As a matter of fact, the milk of only cows, goats, water buffaloes and perhaps a few other animals can be successfully churned for butter.

It is supposed that churning cow's milk for butter was originally suggested by the appearance of butter in the leather bags of milk carried on the backs of camels by Arabs.

Hindenburg's God-children

To encourage large families in Germany President Hindenburg gives a sum of \$5 to every family which has a seventh child. This seventh child becomes his godchild, and it is said that he has now 14,000 of these children.

"The youngest of us are inclined to say that things are not what they were in our day, even if we have just left school or university."—The Duke of Gloucester.

THE GIFT OF WORDS

Words are such precious things! They laugh and dance and shout with glee; and some have golden wings; others are quiet and friendly like a tree. There is a word that sings; another that croons most tenderly or with high courage rings. Some are arrayed so gorgeously; others wear gentle colors, like a nun; some are like china, delicate and rare, or full of vigor like a noonday sun. Some words there are like fine and rich brocade; others like stars do shine; some are alluring like a piece of jade, and some are ruby red, like wine.

Lo! There are words as still as night, and words that lie in love against the breasts, and there are those that wheel like hawks in flight—and those that bring deep rest. So many things God made to give delight; blossoms of bright hue, the song of birds, the midnight sky with silver gems bedight—but none so lovely as His gift of words. —Wilhelmina Stitch.

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!"—Horace Mann.

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JESUS IS MIGHTY
TO SAVE—**

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MOST TO THE
UTTERMOST**

No. 2438 16pp. Price Five Cents

TORONTO 2, JULY 11, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

SUNSHINE ON THE HILL



It is bad enough to have to suffer industrial depression. Do not endure a similar experience spiritually. Climb the Hill of Faith and get out of the

SHADOWS IN THE VALLEY

THEY'RE GOING STRAIGHT NOW

Thanks to The Army's Kindly Intervention in the Time of Sore Extremity

"HELLO, 'Cap'! Don't you remember me?"

Staff-Captain Bunton was greeted with this cheery salutation on a busy Toronto street the other day. For the moment he couldn't establish the identity of the well-dressed young fellow; but as soon as the man told him his name, the story came back to his mind in an instant. "How are you getting along?" the Staff-Captain enquired warmly. "It is well over a year since we had our little adventure together, isn't it?" "Yes—well over a year, and I want to tell you, thanks to The Army's interest, I've gone straight ever since—and what's more, I am a Christian, too!"

Can you wonder that the Staff-Captain went about, for the rest of the day, with an especially buoyant step and happy heart?

The Law Stepped In

This young man, Tom B— arrived in Canada two years ago; he was then eighteen years of age. With no friends at hand to advise him, he fell into bad company, and despite splendid home up-bringing, contracted the evil habits of those with whom he associated. He found, however, that he couldn't get away with it! The law stepped in one day, and for the first time in his life Tom B— found himself before a bar of justice.

It was then that he met Staff-Captain Bunton, who proved to be his rescuer, for not only did he secure the lad's dismissal from court, but he found a position for him as well, and set his feet in the pathway of Christian service! As Tom's testimony before the Staff-Captain, on that busy street, indicated, the Salvationist's faith was not misplaced. Tom is still "going straight."

They were "hitting the high spots" with a vengeance! City life was exhilarating after the dull round of village monotony. They weren't married—just decided to try life-together where no one knew them—and so long as the money held out, existence

was one mad whirl of ecstasy! He was the ring-leader, she the devoted follower.

But "keeping up with the Joneses" is taxing business so far as the pocket-book is concerned. After much deliberation he decided that they would have to patronize the departmental stores. There, with the exercise of a bit of ingenuity, they could "get" things on a "deferred payment" system that would suit any pocket-book. He was the organizer, the strategist; she would do the actual work. Women are more deft of hand, he said, than men, and less likely to blunder. Poor girl, how foolish she was.

The plan worked quite well for a few weeks. They kept to small things. But one day they tackled a bigger proposition than usual—a coat, and then a detective stepped in and disturbed their pretty plan. She was accused of theft in the court, he of conspiracy. The situation looked black indeed.

Giving Them a Chance

Once more, however, The Army came to the rescue. They were "first offenders." Would it not be fair to give them a chance? Perhaps this would be a lesson to them. At any rate, The Army would make it its business to see them off to their home village, and make arrangements, also, for their future good conduct. As for the rest—the acceptance of the chance—that would be entirely in their own hands. If they failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to "go straight" henceforth—then the law would have to take its course.

The Magistrate agreed to the Salvationist's suggestion eventually, the two were handed to the Staff-Captain, and very shortly The Army's portion of the obligation was complete.

We are happy to say that the couple co-operated splendidly with The Army's plans. They are both quite happy now, and feel they can never express their gratitude for The Army's kindly intervention in their time of sore extremity.

MODERN MIRACLES

DOVERCOURT (Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)—The interest which has marked our recent Sunday morning meetings, particularly in regard to personal testimony, was to be noticed again. Reference was made to the letter appearing in last week's "Cry," and the sister who testified to healing was present and spoke of continued improvement. She attended the Saturday night Open-air, also Sunday Open-air, and marched with us to the Hall.

Major Beer's testimony and his reminiscence of an old and well-known warrior of early days (Blind Mark) made a telling impression and its lesson will long be remembered. A former Corps Officer, Adjutant W. Jones, was present and addressed the comrades.

The Band, under the direction of Staff-Captain Coles, reached a large crowd of people in Willowdale Park with the Salvation message in the afternoon.

With intense earnestness did Staff-Captain Bunton throw himself into the night meeting. The spirit of conviction could be felt as he delivered the truth to the large crowd present. —E.L.W.

Where the Cool, Refreshing Breezes Blow

The first party of needy children have arrived at The Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point, on the shores of breezy Lake Simcoe.

Hundreds of children are victims of narrow, house-bound horizons. They see many of their more fortunate school-chums going off with merry shouts to spend a holiday with their parents in delightful country

places, or at a lake-side, where cooling breezes blow.

Fortunately there are tender hearts who have learnt how to bring one annual joy-period into the lives of the "children mothered by the street." Every year The Army operates Fresh-Air Camps for such youngsters, where they may revel on spacious greensward, bathe in a

lake's cooling waters, and inhale the untainted air of God's free country-side.

The Army needs three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00) to help to cover at least part of the cost of this Christ-like and necessary work on behalf of needy boys and girls.

Please send cheques to Commissioner Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.



"HE WHO GIVES A CHILD A TREAT, MAKES JOY-BELLS RING IN HEAVEN'S STREET"